

# California GARDEN

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FIFTIETH YEAR

AUTUMN, 1959

VOL. 50, No. 3

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Canyon Live Oak, painted by A. R. Valentien. Owned by the San Diego Museum of Natural History. (See page 25)

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**GOLDEN JUBILEE NUMBER — 50 YEARS OF GARDENING**

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PUBLISHED BY  
SAN DIEGO FLORAL ASSOCIATION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA  
FIFTY CENTS

# SAN DIEGO GARDEN CLUB CENTER

## USE OF FLORAL BUILDING

SDFA and Affiliated groups, wishing to use the Floral Building, are asked to check the calendar there by calling BE 2-5767, or Mrs. Thacher at HO 6-1797.

## San Diego Floral Association Activities

### Visitors Always Welcome

Tuesday, September 15 . . . . . 8:00 p.m.  
Regular meeting of S. D. F. A.

Floral Building, Balboa Park  
Speaker: Homer V. Greene  
Subject: Shade Garden Plants

Tuesday, October 20

No regular meeting because of Horticultural Display, Saturday and Sunday.

## CLASSES

Fourth Monday of each month . . . 9:30 a.m.

Flower arrangement classes in Floral Bldg.  
Instructor: Mrs. J. R. Kirkpatrick  
Chairman: Mrs. Roland Hoyt. CY 6-2757

Second and fourth Wednesdays beginning in September 10-12:00 a.m.

Class in corsage make in Floral Bldg.  
Instructor: Mrs. Arthur J. Mitchell  
Chairman: Mrs. Roland Hoyt. CY 6-2757

Second and fourth Saturdays, 10-12:00 a.m.

Floral Building, Balboa Park  
Seedling Garden Classes, ages 7 to 12  
Instructor: Mrs. Ernest Ambort, Chm.  
Jr. Garden Clubs, of California Garden Clubs, Inc.

## HORTICULTURAL DISPLAY

Saturday, October 17, 2:00-6:00 p.m.  
Sunday, October 18, 10:00a.m.-5 p.m.  
Floral Association Building  
Open House

## FLORAL BUILDING BALBOA PARK

Under the sponsorship of  
The Park and Recreation Dept.,  
City of San Diego



## SAN DIEGO FLORAL ASSOCIATION

PARK ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Balboa Park  
San Diego 1, California

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## AFFILIATE MEMBERS 1959

ALFRED D. ROBINSON BEGONIA SOCIETY  
Third Friday, Gardens of Members, 10:30 a.m.  
President: Mrs. Arthur Tenney Emerson  
416 Ninth Ave., Coronado HE 5-5790  
Rep. Dir.: Miss Alice Greer  
2972 First Ave., S. D. 3. CY 6-2267

CONVAIR GARDEN CLUB—  
Second Wednesday, Floral Building, 7:30 p.m.  
President: J. Everett Henderson  
3503 Yosemite, S. D. 9 HU 8-4375  
Rep. Dir.: Eugene Zimmerman  
1942 Abbe, S. D. 11. BR 7-3383

DIST. I A, CALIFORNIA GARDEN CLUBS, INC.  
Thursday, Oct. 1, Floral Bldg., 10:30 a.m.  
Director: Mrs. Edwin Gould  
167 Murray Ave., Chula Vista GA 2-1984

MISSION GARDEN CLUB OF SAN DIEGO—  
Fourth Wednesday, Floral Building, 7:30 p.m.  
President: Mrs. H. L. Etensohn  
4390 Lowell St., La Mesa. HO 6-8718  
Rep. Dir.: Mrs. H. R. Walker  
4138 Highland Ave., S.D. AT 4-5975

ORGANIC GARDENING CLUB—  
Third Friday, Floral Building, 7:30 p.m.  
President: Stuart Green  
621 Center St., La Jolla GL 4-0581  
Rep. Dir.: Mrs. Hermine Hil'kowitz  
1755 Mission Cliffs Drive, S.D. 16. CY 6-2282

SAN DIEGO CAMELLIA SOCIETY—  
Second Friday, Floral Bldg., Oct. 9, 7:30 p.m.  
President: William Gibson  
3765 Plo Pico St., S. D. 6. AC 3-1861  
Rep. Dir.: Miss Sally Le Nier  
6505 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla GL 4-3563

S. D. CHAPTER CALIF. ASS'N. NURSERYMEN  
Fourth Thursday, 7:30 p.m.  
President: Moto Asakawa  
4281 Littlefield Rd., S.D. 10. BR 6-0723  
Rep. Dir.: Ada Perry  
335 Ozark St., S. D. 2. CO 4-4136

SAN DIEGO COUNTY DAHLIA SOCIETY  
Fourth Tuesday, Floral Building, 7:30 p.m.  
President: Mrs. Joe A. Bishop  
2521 33rd St., S. D. 4. AT 4-1741  
Rep. Dir.: Dr. J. W. Troxell  
4750 Canterbury Dr., S. D. 16. AT 2-9131

SAN DIEGO COUNTY ORCHID SOCIETY—  
First Tuesday, Floral Building, 8:00 p.m.  
President: Guy S. Moore, Jr.  
445 First Avenue, Chula Vista GA 2-6086  
Rep. Dir.: Miss Elizabeth A. Newkirk  
1654 La Manch Dr., S. D. 9. BR 4-2042

SAN DIEGO FUCHSIA SOCIETY—  
Second Monday, Floral Building, 8:00 p.m.  
President: Mrs. Addie Hill Lee  
4537 Norwood Ave., S. D. AT 2-8680  
Rep. Dir.: Mrs. Mary Bray Watson  
2337 Commonwealth Ave., S.D. 4. AT 4-2669

SAN DIEGO ROSE SOCIETY—  
Third Monday, Floral Building, 8:00 p.m.  
President: Mrs. E. A. O'Brien  
4636 Niagara, S. D. 7. AC 3-0833  
Rep. Dir.: James Kirk  
P. O. Box 166, Cardiff, Calif.

VISTA MESA GARDEN CLUB  
Second Tuesday, Floral Building, 8:00 p.m.  
President: Mrs. Mervin Nerling  
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Rep. Dir.: Mrs. D. R. Gardiner  
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## CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

I would like to join the  
San Diego Floral Association  
BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO 1, CALIFORNIA

Name .....

Address .....

City, Zone and State .....

- ☐ Single membership, Annual, \$3.00, including magazine.  
☐ Family, or Sustaining, \$5.00, with single subscription.  
☐ Contributing, \$25.00, with single subscription.  
☐ Life, \$100.00 with single subscription.  
☐ One Year subscription to California Garden Quarterly, \$2.00.  
Memberships and Gifts are deductible from income tax.



# California Garden

FIFTIETH YEAR

AUTUMN, 1959

VOL. 50, No. 3

ROLAND S. HOYT, American Society of Landscape Architects, takes a long look at

## FOUNDER ALFRED D ROBINSON

"A thinking man of parts"

Anything born of man's thinking and exertions, that has persisted in excess of a half-century mark in time and which is still left with some thrift in growth, with service to the community, must surely have benefited in the beginning with the bright thinking and stalwart effort of an unusual personality. This has been so generally true as to become almost axiomatic. Yet what was there to show; how was anyone to know or to imagine then, of the story that would be told at fifty years of this man of broad shoulders and mature intellection? What was there in the beginning to indicate the comparative life and duration of his works, the inspiration that has carried on in the activities of this little group and its sheet? He was known then as a man of many interests and competencies, and now in retrospect, as one with the capability of centering on sound principles of organization, with certain fine and acceptable conditions of discipline that holds people together.

Such a man was Alfred D. Robinson and such is the case of the San Diego Floral Association and its *California Garden*. Now we hesitate under the terrific pressures and the compulsion of growth; we gather together for a moment to do justice and pay a

kind of homage to both. They straddle and bridge the time between now and the first pioneering attempts of record in gardening. They relate activities in this extreme and distant point of land to be cultivated in the southwest of the greater United States. Like these other outstanding names in the early growth of the city and development of an idea, Marston, Davidson, Scripps, Collier and so many others, he knew of the necessity for stimulation in the structure of growth. Here was a little town on a harbor, far to the south and completely to lands end going west and this was the beginning of a rollicking, galloping migration. It was out of circulation, so to speak. It was little known outside except for the service people who had passed through. How was new blood to be drawn in for growth?

It is interesting to see now, how it was done. How a sense of demand and urgency was developed and held. How the little community was brought to a realization and could bond itself for great works . . . and note how often the leaning and emphasis was toward the aesthetic, intrinsic in essence, extrinsic only in the end as people and more people found the living that was here. It would be even more interesting to know

whether and how much influence the Floral Association had in flavoring these events. We do know that the Association at least had its day, literally, because a souvenir program of the Exposition exists in a bound volume of the *California Garden* for 1915 naming Saturday, December 4, 1915 as San Diego Floral Association Day. And from the program outlined and followed, they made a day of it with tours of the grounds and lectures from eleven o'clock in the morning until the wee hour of eight-thirty in the evening . . . and that was part of the living mentioned before. We don't get started these modern times until nine of the clock. The Floral was a lusty youth of ten years then.

But, getting back to this civic urge and impulsion, it will be noted that the city of San Diego has always felt the necessity of calling attention to the southwest corner. This was not so much the Chamber of Commerce type of thing for commercial preference as it was a sincere proselyting for the good things of climate that still are only partially understood and utilized. And even now, if at times we chant and cavort to fiddlers . . . know that its the very same thing, not more sedate, but matured and meaningful. There was emphasis on gerani-

ums, a symbol of the thinking that highlighted many years of this period in a not altogether concerted attempt to play down the smoke-stackers. The man and his Floral was evidently pretty close up front in this epic battle and we know and even yet are feeling evidences of its influence. The roots were deeply sunk, and now, unto this day a verdure and bloomings arise when even the practical-iscians refuse to consider new industry unless it comes in with clean hands and pure breathing. Further, we are becoming more and more conscious of the benefits and beauties of . . . not geraniums, so much as the good green cover and bush on the earth and the sheltering ceiling against the sun, of flowering trees . . . man's search from the beginning. There are some who are even thinking of this in terms of dollars as well as aesthetics. They are finding, as the result of trees, a purer atmosphere, air that has been cleansed. Another thing they are finding is a practical and permanent solution of the control of erosion which is just ready now to step out of control all over the city in these accumulating cuts and fills. How things do come around to close the circle! And how soon are forgotten the names and the people who laid out the course and set the first charge.

Getting back again to this impelling urge to proselyte, we see a city that has been over-parked, almost from the start and surely for these full fifty years . . . a city living beyond its means year after year, with a seemingly unreasonable proportion of the tax dollar being spent on an intangible, this 1400 acre park of world-wide fame and acclaim. And yet, ask any outsider who has passed through, ask any casual guest of his first and deepest impression of the city and he is more than likely to name Balboa Park . . . this civic university, uniquely housed in his-

toric buildings that cannot and will not be replaced, with planting that will not be duplicated. Well! ! ! the population caught up. Now there is some reason and a sense of proportion, as between park and population. And what do we do at this stage . . . why, of course . . . start the building of another one still more grandiose, of even wider extent and further significance in view of this original premise. This one is and will be another first on the title-page of parkdom . . . Mission Bay Park and Recreational Area, 4500 acres of land and water fitted for the use of people, millions of the taxpayers dollars, but in light of the immediate past, so well spent for the future of this special brand of living. Proof? Listen to any knowing visitor who goes over the plans. Accept the word of the Los Angeles group of the American Society of Landscape Architects who field-trip periodically here and who have repeatedly marveled at the scope, scale and growth of the San Diego Park System and of the temper of the people who would build so well. Where will it be duplicated? Would that these others might return to view all this and know their extending influence.

This rare urge for works in kind

can be carried still further in retrospect and colored by the actuality of building that can and will be done on this past thinking. Here and there in Mr. Robinson's writing will appear pertinent and prophetic paragraphs that are coming into realization today, or which are prime for still future development. Listen . . . "the move to set aside Soledad Mountain top as a public park is so obviously the right thing to do that it admits of no discussion, but it opens up a wider development in the future the foundation for which should be laid now, and that is a chain of parks or spots of scenic or historic interest which can be tied together by a boulevard which will practically circle the city. This treatment of a chain of public works is recognized today as the greatest factor in beautifying cities and bringing park advantages to all quarters. It is being worked out wonderfully in San Francisco and is of greatest scenic possibility in a place of such topography as San Diego. There seems no good reason, however, in these autoing days that a chain would be limited within a city's bounds, nor need it involve at all points an expensive artificial treatment; in fact many places should be left care-

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Alfred D. Robinson

W. ALLEN PERRY asks:

## Are Parks Here To Stay?

"Parks are for People." This modern, accepted concept of public park philosophy and purpose has unquestioned and practically universal acceptance. In fact, it is so free from controversy that, in its unequivocal simplicity, it could be the great undoing of a boon to man that has been developing, too slowly perhaps, throughout recorded history.

But before we enumerate a few specific dangers, it is important to define a park in a manner which agrees with the goals of the professional and the desires of the layman. After nearly a century of park development in the United States, the term "park" has come to mean — any area of land or water set aside for outdoor recreational purposes, whether it be recreation of a passive or active nature or any of the degrees between these extremes, and that the recreation is expected to come in part at least from the beauty of appearance. Whether we speak of a "park", "common", "plaza" or "square", or borrow from the Middle Ages such labels as "villonnage", "scutage" or "hide", the definition seems to picture our area and its purpose very neatly.

Other definitions in themselves impart some fascinating history of parks and illustrate how progress has been made in the public interest. We are grateful to the Oxford Dictionary for these:

### "PARK" DEFINITIONS

"From the Middle English and Old French 'parc'; a preserve for beasts of the chase. The West Germanic was 'parruk', from which case the Old English 'pearuc'.

"(1) *Law* An enclosed tract of

land held by royal grant of prescription for keeping beasts of the chase. (Distinguished from 'forest' or 'chase' by being enclosed, and from 'forest' also by having no special laws or officers.

Example: 1617. Moryson. Itin. III 'Woodstocke is famous for King's House and large parke, compassed with a stone wall, which is said to have been the first parke in England.'

"(2) An enclosed piece of ground of considerable extent, usually within or adjoining a city or town, ornamentally laid out and devoted to public recreation; a 'public park' as the various 'parks' in and about London.

Example: 1663. Samuel Pepys Diary, May 15. 'I walked in the parke, discoursing with the keeper of the Pell Mell.'

"(3) In Ireland, Scotland, and North of England; an enclosed piece of ground for pasture or tillage; a field; a parrook or paddock.

Examples: 1802. Mar. Edgeworth. Ennu, Vol VIII 'Just what would feed a cow is sufficient in Ireland to constitute a park.'

1658. Evelyn. Fr. Gard. 'In what manner you should enclose your melon ground. In this park, (which may be what extent you think good) you should make beds of horse dung.'

So much for definitions, which give us a common ground for thinking and point up the consistent fundamentals—as well as the change in bedding practice. There is much fascination in the story of parks through Ancient Egypt, through Asia where the Hanging Gardens were developed in the

ninth or tenth century. Plutarch and other Greeks reported on the gardens of Persia; how their kings guarded them and called them "paradises". It is quite an orderly progression in which the idea of a "Park" moves from the royal and ancient gardens of Asia, across the Mediterranean, through Europe, and across to the United States. Our nation's own story is most difficult to condense into a couple of paragraphs, but it must not be overlooked.

The early colonists set the precedent in the United States for the provision of public open spaces. As they were in the mother country, New England's *commons* became the sites for pasturing stock, for market places and for drill fields. The Southwest followed the Spanish precedent and set aside its *plazas*. The Southern cavaliers from England laid out *squares* and *parades* which became the center of community social life. Although the original public function was outgrown, the idea of an open space persisted. The Boston Common is recognized as the earliest—1634—development of a city park for recreation. The landscape park naturally followed the growth of city's areas and population and the resulting disappearance of the native surrounding woodland. This development in the nineteenth century is represented by New York's Central Park of 843 acres, which were set aside in 1853; by the 527 acres of Boston's Franklin Park, dedicated in 1883; Philadelphia's action in 1867 which created the 2,816 acres of Fairmount Park; . . . and let's not forget San Diego's Balboa Park, whose diminished 1400 acres were intact in 1868.



Time and ever-increasing populations illustrated the limitations of even such acreages as these. It pointed to the necessity of several types of parks. Of greatest importance was the metropolitan park system, the conception and instrumentation of which enabled cities to provide for their population's park opportunities well beyond their corporate limits. And the automobile was all that was needed to expand the metropolitan park system and create the County, State and National Park movements and developments.

Now the limitations of reading time and editorial space have driven us back to the possible dangers of the "Parks are for People" phrase deteriorating from a popular concept to a vulnerable catch-word. Those dangers lie in the possibility of compromising and depreciating the true comprehension of the word "Park", and in the fallacious belief that any public use constitutes a park-land use.

If we are to have abundant "*recreation of a passive or active nature*," we must have space. Abundant passive recreation cannot develop in a restricted mall or pergola between a baseball diamond, a football field, a barbecue site and a community center building. Three or four acres adjacent to a teeming school ground is only one limited and limiting element in the park system and must not be taken as the answer to park development. More than ever, we must have space to isolate and insulate, space in which to create and enjoy the beauty of an illusive landscape, space now for man which would have been sufficient for "keeping beasts of the chase." And this space is quite as vital to active recreation which embraces activities and crowds for which the school playground is totally inadequate — although available

free on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. There is a very real and great danger to the park program in the United States through failure to continue to acquire park lands on a scale commensurate with the dedications made in the last century and a half.

Lastly, we "view with alarm" the current diversion of park lands for purposes which could be included in our definition only by the greatest stretch of the imagination, or for developments which are blatantly inimical to established park philosophy. Although they be labeled "PARK" in gargantuan, neon letters, any areas developed either indirectly or directly for commercial gain are not in the category of parks. Consequently, we shouldn't take statistical comfort in acreages reported for fair-grounds, expositions, amusement attractions, professional sports, paid parking of vehicles or convention facilities when we are evaluating our park provisions. Much as this writer respects and enjoys show business, he knows that paid entertainment in the midst of a setting of growing trees, shrubs, lawns and flow-

ers makes it none the less show business and none the less a commercial interest. The fact that the family is traveling by air on a vacation devoted to recreation makes the airport none the less a facility of commerce and transportation and no more a park. Still there are park jurisdictions reporting air-port acreages as lands set aside for park purposes. Is there a man with soul so staunch that he considers driving on a modern freeway or limited access highway "*recreation*"? True, he may use the route as a means of getting to and from a recreation facility. For years we used street cars, trains and allied transportation for the same purpose. But did we report the rights-of-way as park lands? But now, at the instigation of many city planners and with the endorsement and blessing of their commissions, park after park is being diminished, sometimes destroyed and always vastly depreciated in value, by becoming the "free right-of-way" for a freeway.

This practice has met heartening resistance in Canada. The

(Continued on Page 20, Col. 2)



Mr. Morley, retiring Supt. of Balboa Park, Pres. Greer of the SDPA, and Mr. Perry, incoming Supt. of Parks, watch young Morley Hayward plant the Morley oak, in 1939.

ALICE MARY GREER takes off

## FROM A "SCRAP OF PAPER"

through a stack of books

"As in wars and other major events, the formation of the San Diego Floral Association was precipitated by a somewhat trivial incident. Returning to San Diego in the fall of 1904, after two years abroad, I was full of a Flower Show I had attended in the Temple Gardens in London, and when I interviewed Forecaster Fred Carpenter for a preview of the weather, which he declined to give, I spilled over about the Temple, and Flower Shows in general, enough to enthuse him with the idea of one for San Diego. Mr. C. was some kind of an officer in the Chamber of Commerce, and he brought up the matter before that august body, which appointed a committee to further the idea. This committee was Carpenter, Gifford, the olive man, and I, and we duly foregathered and decided to call a public meeting. The meeting was held in the Express Office on Broadway, and had a fair attendance. My mind had become set on an independent organization for the job. I was then, and still am, rather afraid of committees, as they usually originate in buck-passing, and have a facility for continuing the process.

"Mr. Carpenter took the chair and called on me for the opening argument. Others spoke, all in favor of the idea, among them Louis Blochman . . . Rev. Hinson, who quoted that poem about the little flower growing in the cran-nied wall. A resolution to form the San Diego Floral Association was

put and unanimously adopted, and signatures were taken on a scrap of paper."

So writes Alfred D. Robinson, Founder-President-Editor of *California Garden*, in the columns of that magazine, on the occasion of its thirtieth birthday in 1939.

The first meeting was held in June, 1907. He continues:

"In 1909, when the Floral Association was two years old, the idea of having its own publication to record its activities and spread floral information and advice, became almost a demand from the ever-growing membership. Local papers were printing meager reports of the doings of the Association and, when the inadequacy of these was pointed out to the editors, they frankly confessed that they had no one on their staff equal to the job. It should be remembered that, in those days, it was little short of a sign of grave eccentricity to be more than casually interested in flowers.

"The committee to arrange for the publishing of the magazine, was L. A. Blochman, who suggested the name of *California Garden*, K. O. Sessions, Miss Manasse, F. A. Frye and A. D. Robinson, who got out the first number for July, 1909."

Mr. Robinson then calls attention to the Foreword in the first issue, in which "the aims and hopes of the magazine are clearly stated." You may read all this for yourself in the Summer, 1959, *California Garden*, which is a

lithographed copy of the first two editions of 1909, including the cover design of matilija poppies, painted for the occasion by A. R. Valentin. Thus the San Diego Floral Association and its magazine were on their way.

To speak of *California Garden* in its own pages is very like a dog taking hold of its own tail (tale), but inasmuch as the publication of the magazine has been the main and continuous activity of the Association, unbroken for fifty years, and financed always, until recently, by proceeds from shows—except once, it's true, by a loan—and inasmuch as it is the oldest horticultural magazine in the United States, measured by years of continuous publication; and because it is the only available magazine dealing with local conditions, it speaks up for itself.

Many illustrious writers, some of whom are mentioned elsewhere in this issue, have edited and contributed to its columns. If you do not know them, pay them a visit in the files of *California Garden*, in the San Diego Public Library, Natural History Museum Library, Greer Memorial Library in the Floral Building, California State Horticultural Society, and many others.

Services of the magazine have always been voluntary. The format and price have varied—from the original five cents a copy, to fifty cents. At times there have been grave, but never insurmountable, editorial and financial problems. From the beginning, the



Mrs. Mary A. Greer

publication has given a unique standing and a sense of solidarity to the Association. It has been, as it were, a cohesive element, filtering through the organization, and binding it together. In a word—it's a standard bearer.

*California Garden*, while presenting the best among the old plants, tries to keep abreast of new plant materials, and new ways of handling them. Above all else, it seeks to express its sponsors desire to assist new gardeners and oldtimers to beautify their plots, and thus to improve the city. Would you like to help, or to be helped? Join! This is the only invitation you need.

This Golden Anniversary number has a record to unfold. Delving into the early volumes, we find that, like the wandering minstrel, the Floral Association, in its youth, held its meetings here, there and over yonder. The July, 1912, issue carries a lilting story of the annual meeting at the San Diego Club House, on Ninth Street, between D (Broadway) and E. President Robinson presided in frock coat, before social leaders of the city, also in evening attire. The accent does not seem to be on floriculture: "During the evening Miss Juliet Newkirk,

soprano, sang two very pleasing solos, Miss Willodean Chatterton gave two excellent readings in negro dialect, and the San Diego Music Institute Mandolin-Quintet rendered several numbers which, as usual, were delightful.

"After the business meeting, school girls, in pastel organdy frocks, served ice cream and cake, and Owen's Orchestra played for the dancing, which continued until near midnight . . . The decorations, under the supervision of Miss Rainford, featured a lily pond . . . and, 'contrary to nature,' the lilies were awake!"

By contrast, the annual meeting in the music room of the Gray-Maw Music Co., on June 1920, was bursting with horticultural interest:

"The rooms were tastefully decorated by Miss Sessions, chiefly with a mass of beautiful *Encalyptus ficifolia*, *Romneya coulteri*, . . . fine Doazon dahlias . . . an attractive basket of *Quis-qualis indica*. This blossoming vine is as beautiful as its name is difficult . . . Miss Mary Matthews displayed . . . the latest variety of Michaelmas daisy, and Miss Sessions showed . . . heather. Gladioli brought by Mr. Cushman and Mr. Lawrence, received much admiration. In fact, the flower lovers found it hard to leave these blossoms and settle down to the affairs of the ensuing year.

Miss Rector, Mr. Murray, Mrs. Buell and Miss Garland rendered a musical program to 'put us in a receptive mood;' President Gorton praised the untiring efforts of Mrs. Greer and her committee, in supplying 3024 suitboxes of flowers for the Camp Kearney Hospital, from 1918 to 1920. He spoke of the orchid corsage and basket of Quis-qualis blooms that were sent to the suite of President and Mrs. Wilson during their visit here . . . Floral float, a prize-winner at 'new railroad' opening . . . wildflower lectures by Mr. Fultz

. . . Street Tree Committee appointed to meet later with City Council . . . El Monte Oak project begun . . . possibility of Floral home in Balboa Park . . . short address by Miss Katherine Jones, U. C. instructor . . . Hieatt report on Spring Show . . . twelve monthly meetings in homes of members . . . two in Robinson and Wangerheim gardens." A busy year!

And so, from then to now,—morning, afternoon or evening meetings have been on the files. The "Thirty-Year" magazine for July, 1939, mentions well-known speakers who had addressed the members up to that time. Since then, such illustrious men in the field of horticulture as Samuel Ayres Jr., Philip E. Chandler, Ralph Cornell, Philip Munz, George Spaulding, and others, have honored the organization. Many times a "who's who" in San Diego Horticulture, has headlined the meeting.

Of the special meetings, frequently held, one in 1919 is reported by Mr. Robinson. To those who have watched the recent developments of Mission Bay Park, this description of yesterday is both amusing and poignant:

"I went to the meeting at Mrs. F. T. Scripps' at Braemar Manor, along the bridge across Mission Bay (now an open channel), and over the white strip of sand

Enjoy the fine foods,  
the garden atmos-  
phere and air-condi-  
tioned comfort at

**Valle's**

Fifth at Kalmia



... and my mind went back to the time when the metropolis of Mission Beach consisted of two houses—one of them built of tin cans—and I used to lunch upon a sand dune where Wonderland now mournfully stands, awaiting final dissolution ... Being slack of understanding of what constitutes progress, I sighed and wondered if the change had to be! ... When I reached Braemar, I found Mrs. Scripps was unavoidably absent. I feel in my bones she was afraid someone would congratulate her upon the coming of a street-car to her door—which would have been torture to one who has lived with and loved those dunes for so many years.

"If it were possible that Mrs. Scripps could not be missed from a meeting of floral enthusiasts at Braemar, her daughter would have made that a fact, for, taming her wild desire to ride the surf upon a prancing plank, she slowly guided visitors round and round and answered all those obvious questions that even floral folk ask. I know, for I followed her and did that very thing.

"In the lathhouse foregathered those past mistresses in all lathhouse lore, Mesdames Waite and Frevert, and they stood entranced before some begonias that were blaze through the roof, and were ablaze with scarlet blooms ... Ferns grow in chunks in that lathhouse: not the little specimens with fifty leaves or so, but by square yards and hundreds of fronds. It is a wondrous demonstration of the efficiency of sand as a lathhouse base. Why, there is an Australian tree fern in there that is not content to grow as others of its kind, but has three distinct heads, so that it is uncoiling seven fronds at once."

Among many other "en masse" treks, were those to Mrs. Amy Strong's windmill castle, Mt. Woodson Farm, at Ramona, and the Erskine Campbell homes at



Point Loma and Alpine, where, in 1924, long before the present vogue, fabulous iris gardens combined with oriental treasures.

At long last, in 1923, the search for a permanent home ended, when the occupancy of the Kansas Building of the 1915 Exposition, was granted to the Floral Association, by the Park Board. After hard work in fund-raising, \$2800 was eventually spent in repairs, plus gifts for furnishings and equipment. The building has been the center of all Floral activities for thirty-six years, except for the two years it was relinquished to the 1935-1936 Exposition and again, to the Armed Forces, during the last war.

Since that time it has developed into a real Garden Club Center, having gathered under its roof twelve specialty garden clubs, a dream of its long-time President, Mary A. Greer. This has been brought into focus, in the last decade, by her successors: Alice Clark, Dorothy Abbott, H. K. T. Sherwood, Stella Daney, Margaret Baldwin, Jean Kenneally and Vera Thacher. The Organic Gardening Club was the first to join. Affiliates are listed on the Garden Club Center page.

Sparked by the generous gift

of \$1,000 from an anonymous friend, and by earnings from El Mercato market in Old Town, so faithfully tended by the Association during the second Fiesta del Pacifico, the enclosed garden behind the Floral Building, the large deck and paved area were built. Further improvements are planned.

The inside of the Floral Building is well adapted to the many activities carried on there. A portrait of Founder-Robinson, and one of Miss Sessions, a gift of several members, and flower paintings, grace the hall. If open shelves were practical, the books of the Mary A. Greer Memorial Library would add color to the room. A bronze plaque, above the cabinet doors, locates the collection.

In *California Garden* for 1921, it is recorded that the Association favored setting aside any surplus money—(what affluent words in a garden club's vocabulary!) for projects such as a Botanical Library for a future Floral home. Today both projects are realized. Contributions of books and money are still coming in.

"Garden Illustrated," a set of forty-five bound volumes, produced over a period of fifty years, by William Robinson, of Sussex, England, is the most prized and valuable asset of the library. They were a gift from Miss Sessions. In the magazine of November, 1925, she tells of her visit to the author's home at Gravetye, Grinstead. After enthusing over the charms of a thousand acres of rural scenery and extensive gardens, she describes the manor:

"The stone house ... was built in 1596. Its surface, so beautifully covered with lichens of many shades, was a picture indeed. The gardener said, 'But you should see those walls after a rain.' Parts of the low roof over a small gar-

(Continued on Page 26)

HELEN D. CARSWELL, Consulting Rosarian, American Rose Society, recounts:

# FIFTY YEARS OF ROSES

*"And since to look at things  
in bloom  
Fifty springs are little  
room ..."*

(A. E. Housman, A Shropshire Lad)

The ROSE was well established locally when *California Garden* "made a bow to the good folks of San Diego" with its first issue, July, 1909, "to give practical and timely information on gardens, what to plant, how to maintain it, to bring attention to latest introductions worthy of trial." Fifty years later the editor of *California Garden*, Alice M. Clark, gathered her editorial staff, at her Point Loma home overlooking San Diego Yacht Harbor, passed out back issues of the magazine and discussed plans for the years ahead.

It would be pleasant to stroll through those volumes at leisure, meet the great horticultural people who appear in their pages, follow the introduction of new plants, the study of native flora and the efforts for conservation, the development of Balboa Park, and of the city of San Diego we see today. Remembering the "Men of Hindustan who went to see the elephant," I promised myself to be "blind" to all but roses. Then the fifty years of *California Garden* became a book relating the wonderful story that time has told about ROSES.

When Richard Henry Dana first saw San Diego on the morning of March 14, 1836 he stated, "... on both sides the land was low and green, but without trees." By 1909 there probably were lots of trees

in parts of San Diego, but the pictures in C.G. in most cases show only flat open space. The plantings of Balboa Park were for the most part paper dreams, to get ready for the Panama-California Exposition opening, in 1915.

As we, in 1959, watched the sea of lights across the harbor, the outline of tree-tops above thousands of homes, and the rush of traffic along highways, it was interesting to think of 1909 when there were few lights. California Consolidated Gas and Electric urged: "No danger to your children if you use electric lights. No lamps to explode when tipped over."

Buying roses in that world of long ago was not as simple as today. Mission Valley Nursery directed customers: "To reach the nursery, take Third Street and Mission Hill car to terminus, go west 525 yards, turn right through Canyon Road, walk 15 minutes." Long walks and heavy bundles did not seem to discourage rosarians then, for roses grew in every garden. La France and Mlle. Cecile Brunner mingled in mass to festoon arbors; Cherokees covered fences and corner posts; Dorothy Perkins was thorny, rampant, and covered with mildew; Gold of Ophir (Fortune's Double Yellow) smothered sheds; LaMarque and Lady Banksia turned spring gardens into fairyland.

San Diego rosarians had learned the trick of specializing in varieties suitable to the area. Of the many roses that passed into oblivion in the past fifty years, those

grown in San Diego were well selected. Many are still favorites. First rose mentioned in C.G. was the hybrid tea, Kaiserin Auguste Victoria; first big winner in a rose show, Mrs. F. T. Scripps with "a most beautiful vase of General MacArthur."

A. D. Robinson, Pres. of SDFA, wrote early rose articles. He advised: "If you are a newcomer to San Diego and have grown roses elsewhere, make a list of your favorite roses and let a local expert bluepencil it. It will hurt your feelings but improve your rose garden." In another article he stated: "Any rosarian should be satisfied to live in San Diego, if he can have a house facing east and plant his front garden full of Joseph Hills (a salmon pink H.T.)—and the back lot abloom with Gen. MacArthurs, just these two grand gentlemen and the dainty Mlle. Cecile Brunner."

Cultural methods had two aims, show roses in spring and bloom for Christmas. Summer advice was, "Rest your roses by withholding all water, let your roses go to sleep now. True garden success is in having each plant in its own season. Cultivate the ground but do nothing to stimulate new growth. The mind of the rose grower will not relinquish the idea that his bushes should furnish bloom every day the sun shines . . . Divert your mind to other things like Dahlias."

Later a new trend crept in. "Can this be right? Your roses tell you they CAN'T REST. When the bushes send up big new shoots,

these plants should be watered."

In 1912 roses were coming in from growers all over the U.S.A., to be planted at the Exposition grounds, competing for the \$1000 prize being offered for a "San Diego" rose. Although the judging committee was "ready to welcome and herald the birth of a rose worthy to bear the name," none proved equal to that honor.

During the Exposition the great rose figure was **Fred W. Howard**, and his bed of Los Angeles Roses. Big, powerful, dynamic, energetic, Howard gave his all to the object of his admiration, the rose. "**Made-in-America-Roses**" was the cry of the day and Howard's rose made world fame by winning the Gold Medal at the International Concourse of New Roses at Bagatelle Gardens, Paris, France, in 1918, the first American rose to win this distinction.

To the question, "Shall we grow roses in wartime?", San Diego Floral Association answered, "Remember Camp Kearny Hospital every Wednesday, when your roses bloom." Word came back, "You will never know with what fondness we look back on the wonderful roses that you have donated." Mlle. Cecile Brunner in particular was loved by all the soldiers. General MacArthur's were still going strong! At the rose show, where the proceeds went to the Red Cross, it was used to form a large arrangement in the form

of a red cross.

At the September 1920 meeting A. D. Robinson and Miss Kate O. Sessions "spurred" on the rose subject, and the suggestion was made to form special units of SDFA. Forrest L. Hieatt volunteered to form a rose group. For many years his name appears winning in a class that called for "A collection of 25 varieties, two blooms of each," an entry few rosarians would attempt today.

The list of favorites at this time included H a d l e y, Isobel, Joseph Hill, Lady Hillingdon, Los Angeles, Mrs. Aaron Ward, Mrs. S. K. Rindge, Mme. Abel Chatney, Ophelia, Paul's Scarlet, Radiance, Red Radiance, and Rose Marie. After viewing a rose show Mr. Robinson laments, "Where are the Sunbursts, the Cochetts, Mme. Caroline Testout, Marie Van Houten, Mme. Leon Paine, the Papa Gontiers?"

Budded roses and the question of understock was considered by Mr. Benard of the Mission Valley Nursery, appraising Manetti, Ragged Robin, Rosa Canina, and he adds that a Japanese Multiflora was beginning to be used. (Dr. Huey was still used to a limited degree only in the early 40's.) Mr. Benard, a native of France, kept in touch with world rose affairs through his brother who still operated a rose business there. It was said of him that "he sucked his first bottle of milk through a rose tube." Both his roses and his opinions in rose culture were the standard in rose growing for many years.

Highlights of the years that followed included Fred W. Howard and John G. Morley, Sup't of Balboa Park, judging roses at the Bagatelle Gardens in 1924; Dr. Huey rose won the Gertrude M. Hubbard gold medal at the American Rose Society meeting in Boston September 1924; Miss Kate O. Sessions, in "Gay Paree," visiting the Luxemburg Gardens and

sketching the plan of the rose garden, but making no mention of the roses growing there; faint whispers about defects, like die-back, in the glorious new Pernetiana strain; "reports from Souvenir de Claudius Pernet continues variable."

In 1927 the San Diego Rose Society was formed with a Charter Membership of about 100. From its inception it has worked for a municipal rose garden in Balboa Park and succeeded in having a site set aside and plans drawn up. New ideas in rose culture were adopted, and statements such as "We are planting our roses too deep," "This fool notion about resting roses in summer," were heard. More moderate pruning was accepted and rosarians soon knew they could have roses every day in the year in San Diego.

The 1928 spring issue of C.G. has an article by John A. Armstrong of Ontario where he gives a list of "the best roses for California" and adds, "There is not a poor one among them"; Dame Edith Helen, Rose Marie, Mme. Butterfly, Los Angeles, Etoile de Holland, Hoosier Beauty, Miss C. E. VanRosen, Golden Emblem, Feu J. Looymans, Lady Margaret Stewart, Angele Pernet and Lulu.

From the 1929 American Rose Annual, by the San Diego Rose Society President, Forrest L. Hieatt: "The bed of Los Angeles roses at the rear of the peristyle of the great outdoor organ in Balboa Park, San Diego, has continued to be the mecca of rose lovers, for years. It has been admired by hundreds of thousands of visitors to this show place of the Southland. In 1922, that great rose lover, R. A. Nicholson of Hong Kong, China, visited San Diego, and was taken by the Park Superintendent, to see this bed of Los Angeles roses." Mr. Morley tells that when Mr. Nicholson

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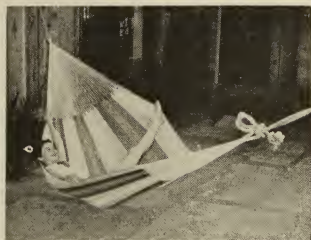
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first saw this wonderful sight he was so filled with emotion that tears rolled down his cheeks, tears of rose joy. Mr. Nicholson reported in the English Rose Annual: "I had never expected to see such a sight. The bushes were 7 ft. tall and many of the blooms would not go into my hat without touching the sides." Los Angeles was still "Best-Rose-In-The-Show" in 1929.

The end of the 20's saw the revival of interest in the "Old Roses." Francis E. Lester was advertising his "Roses of Monterey" and his rose catalog that was "different." At the Pacific Coast Regional Conference of the American Rose Society he was appointed Chairman of the Old Rose Committee, to search out and restore the old roses to commerce.

The Plant Patent Act went into effect May 1930 and made it possible for rose breeders and introducers to protect their really distinctive new varieties. With the exclusive right to produce, use or sell the particular variety for seventeen years, they had an opportunity to protect the investment

The New-Deal Depression-new variety. They had made in developing a

Busting year of 1935 saw more than usual rose activity in San Diego. The National Rose Show was held at the California-Pacific International Exposition in Balboa Park, October 12-13. The Management of the Exposition, the Twenty-Second Agricultural District of California and the Ford Motor Company cooperated with the San Diego Rose Society, giving the latter the use of their large patio. Fred Edmunds, curator of Portland International Test Garden, reporting in the American Rose Magazine says: "It was a stupendous, magnificent spectacle. Never, since 1888, when I helped stage the winning exhibit at the Crystal Palace in London, have I seen anything approaching this gorgeous display." It was America's first National Rose Show and roses arrived from all over the U.S.A. by air express. Perhaps the outstanding entry was a box of the rose Eclipse, flown in by the Jackson & Perkins Company of Newark, New York.

Again in 1936 San Diego was host to the world in "Presenting the world's most outstanding International Exposition — acres of flowering gardens, mirroring pools, splashing fountains and green lawns." Forrest L. Hieatt displayed one of his famous new seedlings, "Sweet Memories." He never put his seedlings on the market, but simply distributed them among his rosarian friends.

1938 saw the founding of the All-America-Rose-Selections, Inc., a group of growers dedicated to the task of bringing better roses to the gardens of America. Through a system of advance test-

ing in official test gardens, and a uniform point scoring of new roses, better varieties are offered to the public. Mrs. J. J. Kenneally, later President of SDSA, writes: "We are grateful to the AARS Selections. . . . In the final analysis every rose grower must select his own AARS favorites. If a rose's virtues outweigh its faults, for you, then that rose should be in your garden. Any rose can be a winner when its owner loves it enough."

Among the early roses to win the coveted AARS award was the rose, Charlotte Armstrong. Hybridized by Dr. Walter E. Lammer and introduced by Armstrong's Nurseries in 1940, it started a period of scientific rose breeding with goals set towards disease resistance, better habit of growth, floriferousness, improved form and cleaner colors. This variety has proved unusually well adapted to American gardens and has become the parent of more famous roses than probably any other variety.

During the war years of the 40's Mrs. Alice M. Clark writes: "You will realize your magazine, C.G., has been through a war before. It is heartening to read of the faithful ones who sent roses to Camp Kearny Hospital in 1918, tied in overflowing packages, to the runningboards of what seems, to our present machine age, a very funny automobile. Their effort is being duplicated today on a larger scale."

Following the war another great rose name appeared, "Peace." Introduced by the Conrad-Pyle Com-

(Continued on Page 33, Col. 2 and 3)

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## Some Plants in Miss Sessions' Gardens

C. I. Jerabek  
*The San Diego Tree Man*

At the time I came to San Diego, in 1911, the home and nursery of this world-renowned plantswoman was in the Mission Hills section of the city. Years later she moved to Pacific Beach.

As I was interested in all kinds of plant life, I always found something new on each of my many visits to Miss Sessions' garden. Her educational chats about them fixed them in my memory so today I can still visualize the plants, as I saw them then, and I am happy to share a few of these recollections with the readers of California Garden, to whose columns she was a devoted contributor.

### *Leucadendron argenteum*

Known as the "Silver Tree" because its branches and foliage have an intense silvery sheen. The tapering leaves are made up of silvery hairs that glisten in the sunshine. The tree that Miss Sessions planted in her garden on Mt. Soledad was a male species. Its fluffy yellow flower heads are quite different from the female cones whose seeds are embedded in a hard black coat and carried on the wind by a feathery parachute-like tuft, similar to those of the common milkweed. Small specimen trees may be seen at 3264 Homer St., 8276 Paseo del Ocaso in La Jolla, 2025 Erie St., and 1010 Myrtle Way. The three largest and most beautiful trees in San Diego are in the garden at 411 San Geronio, in Point Loma. They can only be seen from below.

### *Tipuana tipu*

A deciduous tree of special in-

KATE  
OLIVIA  
SESSIONS



terest is the "Tipu-tree." A rapid grower, to thirty feet or more, the crown flattens with age. It has a weeping form, with bright green, pinnately compound leaves and racemes of deep yellow, crinkly, pea-shaped flowers that come in summer. They are followed with maple-like, one-seeded winged pods, quite unlike those of the pea family to which it belongs.

I recall an incident that happened shortly after Miss Sessions moved her nursery to Pacific Beach. Prior to that I secured some seed from the Tipuana trees that are growing in Balboa Park, near the corner of Sixth and Kalmia. From these I raised several trees. Thinking I had something entirely new, I put the best one in

a gallon can and presented it to Kate with my compliments. Naturally she inquired where I had found the seed. On receiving the information she said, "I planted those trees a number of years ago, and at the present time I have one growing in front of my nursery." Today, (July, 1959) this same tree is a large spreading specimen, one of the outstanding Tipuanas in the city, in spite of much neglect.

### *Quercus suber*,

In the northwestern corner of Balboa Park, where Miss Sessions' first nursery used to be, there are two or three of these spreading "Cork Oaks," no doubt planted by her. This variety forms short thick trunks and curiously contorted



branches, covered with rough rugged layers of corky bark. When grown for commercial purposes, the trees are planted close together in rows, forcing the trunks upright, so the cork is more readily removed.

There are other specimens in the Old Town Plaza, and 3510 Elliot St., Loma Portal. In this connection there is a real "Believe-It-Or-Not" story. It concerns a magnificent cork oak that grew in the Theosophical Homestead on Point Loma. During the last war, when a subdivision company felled this mighty oak and cut it up for burning, Kathryn Hunter, of nearby Rosecroft Gardens, felt moved to save a huge section of the trunk, with five big branches, by setting it up in a deep hole in the shade of the nursery. There, to the astonishment of everyone, it took root and sent forth branches until now it looks like the father of all cork oaks.

*Genista monosperma*,  
*var. pendula*

Commonly called "Bridal-veil," or "Weeping White Broom," this is a handsome shrub whose graceful drooping branches are sparsely covered with small silky leaves. In springtime, when myriads of tiny white, fragrant, pea-shaped flowers smother the long weeping branches, it is outstanding. When in flower this shrub was Kate's pride and joy.

One time when David Fairchild visited Miss Sessions, he brought her some seeds from Morocco, giving her a glowing account of the shrub from which he had collected them. Miss Sessions said, "Come out in the garden." Leading him down one of the paths, she brought him face to face with her beautiful *Genista monospermum*. Mr. Fairchild was astonished, and said, "It surely is impossible to bring you anything new."

Though once quite common it is scarce now. One may be seen



*SAMUELA CARNEROSANA* or DATE YUCCA Photographed by George E. Lindsay

at 809 San Antonio Place, Point Loma. Two other six-foot bushes lean over the west garden fence at 3243 Harbor View Dr., La Playa.

*Russelia equisetiformis*

A much branched and very lowly shrub, to four feet, often called "Fountain," or "Fire-plant." Graceful, rush-like ribbed green stems are covered by leaves so small they are hardly noticeable. Upon these slender wire-like branches come long sprays of tubular coral flowers, like strings of firecrackers.

For specimens see 4306 Witherby St., near steps at 1321 Virginia Way, 6115 Avenida Cresta, over a wall at 1814 Titus St., and the NE cor., First and Redwood Sts.

*Bauhinia galpini*

A very free-flowering, rambling shrub or vine with beautiful leaves. Its stunning flowers are

brick-red or terra-cotta color, produced in clusters at the tips of the arching branches all summer. A well grown plant is a gorgeous sight when in full bloom. See the one at 3574 Max Dr., just north of Monroe Ave.

*Ochna multiflora*

This medium sized (3 to 4 ft.) shrub was a special pet of K.O.S. It has fine-toothed leaves with a bronze tint. In the spring, it produces many buttercup-shaped flowers followed by stunning vivid-red calyxes around jet-black seeds. See 3604 Curtis, cor. Chatsworth Blvd. in Loma Portal.

*Tibouchina semidecandra*

This is the "Princess Flower," unapproached by any other of a like color. The shrub is a tall, evergreen, with deeply veined bronzy-green leaves of velvet texture. The large royal purple flowers are usually cup-shaped. The



profusion of bloom in the late summer adds to its richness. Give plenty of water, but do not cultivate near it. Prune to shape.

Look west of house at 1319 W. Pennsylvania, 3446 Richmond, 3444 Herbert, 3441 Georgia, 4229 Niagara, and 3437 Xenophon.

### *Sparmania africana*

A soft-wooded shrub, eight to ten feet high, with a compact rounded shape. Large maple-like leaves are rather deeply lobed, rough and heart-shaped at the base. Loose heads of flowers with glossy, whitish outer petals, and numerous crinkly yellow stamens at the center make it outstanding when in bloom. Untidy if old blooms are left on.

See specimens at 5358 Canterbury Drive, 4604 Hinson Pl., 2976 Chatsworth Blvd., and the SW cor. of La Jolla Blvd. and Playa Del Norte.

### *Pachystachys coccinea*

"Cardinals-guard" forms bold clumps of large simple shining leaves. The fairly dense foliage is topped by two-inch-long terminal heads of scarlet flowers, that resemble spikes of wheat.

There are many attractive ones about the city, including 4889 Kansas, 4322 Marlborough, 136 W. Brooks, 4957 Mt. View Dr., 1403 Morenci, 3560 and 1901 Chatsworth Blvd.

### *Portulacaria afra*

"The 'Speckboom' of Africa is a weird shrub or tree with puffy-looking stems and branches. The small, fleshy, rounded leaves are different from most shrubs. The sprays of tiny, five-petaled, pink

flowers in winter give way to three-cornered pinkish lanterns. It can be a specimen plant, formal or natural, often used as a hedge. Withstands wet feet or drought. It flowers better when dry. In its native country, where it is a huge grower, it is the chief forage plant of wild elephants, also relished by sheep and ostriches.

Look for it at 3744 Van Dyke, SE cor. 1344 Edgemont. Two formal plants at entrance of 1814 Dale, hedge at 4434 Myrtle, and SE cor. 30th and Palm.

### *Agave attenuata*

An outstanding agave for anyone's garden. Sometimes it has a five foot trunk, sometimes it is prostrate. The thin glaucous spreading leaves are entirely unarmed. The inflorescence is from five to ten feet long, usually recurving. The greenish-yellow

flowers on this spike are two inches long, followed by seed capsules or large bulbils, sometimes both, on the same stalk.

One of the finest groups is in the garden of Miss Alice Greer, 2972 First St. (See cover of California Garden for Autumn, 1957) Others are at 5310 Canterbury Dr., 806 Agate, 3071 Evergreen, 3704 Herman, 831 Twenty-third St., Art Center, La Jolla, and 5014 Litchfield Road.

### *Samuela carnerosana*

Sam-you-el'-a kar-ner-o-say'-na is a native of the Carnerosa Pass in Mexico, where it is called "Palma samandoca." In Southern California we refer to it as a Date Yucca.

These plants are always outstanding. They have stout tree-like trunks, ten to eighteen feet high, usually unbranched for a dozen feet or more. The Yucca-like plants have dagger-pointed leaves which persist and form a protective covering over their trunks, as well as masses of spikes at their crowns. The dense panicles of bloom are borne at the end of a long stalk. The four-inch creamy-white flowers are more or less tubular, but widely expanded above, larger and more showy than the Yucca. Both the large fruits, which resemble dates, and the flowers are eaten in Mexico. I marvel that the weight of these tall tree trunks, arching out into space, does not snap off the whole tree, or uproot it.

In 1934, when Miss Sessions and I were planting the Aloe and Agave Garden in Balboa Park, where Laurel Dr. starts down to

(Concluded on Page 35, Col. 2 and 3)



Chauncey I. Jerabek

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Alice M. Rainford

## I Remember

## Kate Sessions



Alice Mary Rainford

One of the most interesting events during my very early association with Miss Sessions was at the time she went on an exploring trip to Lower California with Mr. T. S. Brandegee. I was working for her then in the little flower store on Fifth and C. It was an artistic double-walled tent building, with a palm thatch, which served both as flower store and office for her nursery.

Mr. Brandegee knew of a canyon near the tip of Lower Cali-

fornia where there was an unusual palm, later to be acclaimed and named *Erythea brandegeei*. Mr. Brandegee and Miss Sessions went by boat, and then by mule-back into the remote area, where they found very tall palms. They brought back some seeds, a few small seedlings, a section of the trunk and a good photograph.

Miss Sessions was entranced by the tall, slender, untapered trunk of this erythea, and its beautiful round head of fan-shaped leaves. The palms grew in a very steep-sided canyon, which she felt gave them great protection. Since this palm was found in no other locality, it was felt that it should have great value here. Probably the difficulty of securing seeds, outside of those brought back by Miss Sessions and Mr. Brandegee, prevented a larger distribution of this erythea.

Miss Session's capacity for work was amazing. After a long arduous day in the field, or in someone's garden, she would go over her correspondence and write articles. She exchanged all the news of her experiments and trips with Dr. Francheschi, who operated the Santa Barbara Acclimatizing Association. He shared his imports, especially those from Africa, with her. His little catalog of rare plants was used like a dictionary in our office. Miss Sessions was also in touch with horticulturists all over the world; Mr. Correvo, in Switzerland, Mr. David Fairchild, in Florida, the Villmorins, in Paris, and our U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. These associations and plant exchanges were of great value to our city.

When, in the Maderia Islands, Miss Sessions saw the walls along the hillside drives covered with

(Continued on page 20, col. 3)

Advertisers are the warp on which this magazine weaves its garden tapestries. Without them it would have "woofed" long ago. The SDFA is grateful to all of those firms who have spread their wares before the garden public, through these pages. The Floral is particularly happy to congratulate the Rainford Flower Shop on its Golden Anniversary. It would like to bestow laurel wreaths on Miss Alice Rainford and her successors, for a half-century of continuous advertising in *California Garden*. May we grow on, together!

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## Leaves From An Observer's Notebook\*

Marion Almy Lippitt

Breakfast was over. The dishes had retired. I stood arranging a centerpiece of purple and green grapes on an old-fashioned milk glass cake stand. Henry had submerged himself behind *The Wall Street Journal*.

"Autumn is the season of fulfillment," I released, as a conversational trial balloon. Arousing no response I went on, "Autumn is the season of harvest moons, Thanksgiving prayers, strip tease acts and—"

Henry looked up. I knew he would.

"What do you mean—strip tease acts?" he queried.

"Don't blame me for the show the trees put on each fall," I parried.

Here the telephone rang and I went to answer it.

On my return I announced, "Miss Alice Greer wants a special article for the next *California Garden* about Miss Sessions."

Henry's eyes lighted with interest and a special tenderness.

"Dear Kate Sessions," he said, "She taught me all I know about gardening."

"Like what?" I questioned, pricking up my ears for article material.

He thought a moment and then said, "Well, first she advised: 'Approach your planting from the plant's point of view. Does it like that southern exposure? Or does it yearn for a northern one? Does it prefer sun to shade?'"

Henry smiled reminiscently.

"She was infinitely more concerned about the plant's desires than about yours. They were her children and she'd not place them for adoption in uncongenial surroundings.



Mr. Marston, Miss Sessions and Mrs. Morley

"One evening when dining with a friend she told the following story on herself."

"He built himself a \$40,000 house," she said, "and asked me to landscape it. When I submitted an estimate of \$400 he ranted about the expense. It disgusted me. I stamped down the path saying, 'Well, then do it yourself.'"

He paddled after me pleading for my help.

"No," I said, "I'd rather do a 50 dollar job for man that would love and care for his plants than a 5,000 dollar job for one who doesn't know one plant from another."

"There was a certain grim satisfaction in her voice as she pushed herself away from the table and said:

'I told him that rich men who won't spend one per cent of their building cost in landscaping their

houses don't deserve a single green leaf.'

"When considering trees she advocated planting small ones. As she tersely put it, 'Most people plant a five-dollar tree in a 50 cent hole. They would do better to plant a 50 cent tree in a five-dollar hole.'"

Henry rose and walked to the window. He beckoned me to come and look at his sturdy avocados and tall eucalyptus.

"She taught me never to stake a eucalyptus tree. Her reasons were that a soaking rainstorm with a heavy wind raised havoc with a staked tree. The wind gradually loosens the stake in the saturated ground and down comes stake, tree and all. She counselled, 'Buy small, young trees and let them strengthen themselves into sturdy ones by whipping in the breeze.' She would finish emphatically, 'You save expense, bother, and the risk of losing the tree after nursing it successfully through a few mild winters.'"

"I remember her directions about watering," I put in. She would put her feet well apart, her hands on her hips and deliver an ultimatum.

"Water well and less frequently. Then you'll have deep rather than surface roots. Deep watering makes hardy plants."

Henry's eyes twinkled.

"Do you remember the day she wanted to get back to the nursery in a hurry? Without a moments hesitation she mounted the back of her nephew's motorcycle and disappeared down the street with the scarf about her neck flying straight back like a mare's tail."

We laughed at the thought.

\* Reprinted from *Autumn* 1953



From my San Diego scrapbook I handed Henry a letter which George Marston had written, thanking me for an article about Miss Sessions when, she was awarded the coveted Meyer Medal of the Council of the American Genetic Association at Washington, D.C., for distinguished services in plant introduction.

Henry took Mr. Marston's letter, and glancing through it, read the last page aloud.

"She is very worthy of the distinction she has as a good citizen and a horticulturist. She and I have worked together for many years. A month ago our pictures were taken with Mr. Morley at a garden party in Balboa Park, given by the Pacific Beach Garden Club. I am enclosing a copy of this photograph, which is pretty good of us all." (See page 19)

Henry and I examined the picture with delight.

"Three grand pioneers. What a lot San Diego owes them," Henry said gently. I nodded, then added:

"I know something more that Miss Sessions taught me."

"She said, 'Don't prune your shrubs away at the bottom. They should not look as if they were on stilts. They should grow close to the ground. They should look like this,' Here she would stride to the spot where the shrub was to be planted, squat down until her brown skirt touched the ground and billowed out in gypsy fashion—a graphic illustration of how your shrub should look.

"When she came to a rank grower she said, 'Prune this one savagely.'"

Henry smiled at the thought. Gathering up my belongings I started for the door.

"Where are you going?" demanded Henry.

"To write my article about Miss Sessions," I replied, with a farewell wave.

(Continued from Page 8)

people of San Francisco have defeated several such proposals—and soundly. Louisville is waging a valiant effort to preserve some of its wooded and scenic areas in the heart of its metropolitan development. Within the year San Diego will see many acres of level and rolling land in Balboa Park cut, filled, surfaced, channeled, over and under passed, lighted and swarming with avowed millions of autos, trucks and busses. If the park program isn't in danger, should there not be a replacement to the people of equally advantageous acres for active and passive recreation?

With no more than these few illustrations, we offer this conclusion. The people who have enjoyed the parks, those who believe in parks, and all of us who think that parks have a mounting importance to our increasingly urban living must tune their ears more sharply to their minds. They must realize that a proposal which "does not *take* park land away from the people" does not necessarily *preserve* park purposes, park developments or park philosophy. If the remaining function, or the transplanted purpose, is not that of active or passive recreation, the area is no longer a park. If it is not generally available to the majority of the people, it is no longer a public park. At this date, we are a people with a greater wealth and a greater leisure than we have ever known with which to enjoy parks. However, if we don't devote some of that money and time to protecting our parks, we will face a rude awakening where-in we will find that what we always thought was Central Park, Fairmount Park, Franklin Park or Balboa Park was just some land held through the years in escrow for motorists, trucking companies, bus routes, air-ports, trade fairs, profitable conventions, show-business-with-trees . . . but not people.

(Continued from Page 18)

bouganvilleas or bignonias, and the slopes lovely with masses of blue echium or honey plant, she wished that more San Diegans would try to achieve the same effects. There is a Kate Sessions file in our public library, containing some of her letters from abroad, with newspaper clippings and articles. They are inspiring reading, even now.

Miss Sessions would have cheered Mr. Jerabek for his tree walks for the San Diego Natural History Museum, and for his articles in this magazine and the San Diego Union, telling the location of specimen trees about the city.

Too many of the rare trees and shrubs of earlier introduction have been lost through neglect or through the fantastic growth of the city. We must not lose sight of the fine things Miss Sessions grew so successfully. She bemoaned the fact that newcomers always struggled to raise plants they were used to at home, instead of looking for the more interesting trees and shrubs that are easy to grow here. Think of all the heather varieties she brought in to our meetings, the romneya, streptosolen, philadelphus, budleia, and echium; vines, such as rosa de montana, and passiflora; macadamia, jujube and litchi trees, and the more uncommon forms of eucalyptus and acacias. Let's never let Miss Sessions' efforts be forgotten.

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**San Diego 1, Calif.**

DOROTHY S. BEHREND'S picks some

## PIONEER CROPS OF SAN DIEGO COUNTY

The past fifty years have seen the pioneering of many new commercial crops in San Diego County. Some have gone ahead faster than others. As early as 1913 in the columns of *California Garden*, an Altadena firm advertized the importation of choice varieties of feijoas, cherimoyas, sapotas, loquats, guavas and edible date palms. We know now that the dates belong in the warmer interior regions, like Borrego, where thirty acres have been bearing since 1928. The other fruits are found in gardens but are not grown commercially.

In the early 1880's, the U. S. Department of Agriculture distributed carob seedlings — sometimes called "St. John's Bread" — free to anyone interested in planting them. By 1900, every depot up and down the length of California had set out these drought resistant seedling trees. Those in colder climates soon died, but today the Santa Fe depot in Old Town, San Diego, is still flanked by the original carob trees.

The male form of the carob is enjoyed for shade and decoration only, but the female type produces pods useful for high protein cattle feed. As a crop, the carob has been slow to gain favor. This may change, since the public-spirited Dr. Walter Rittenhouse has given generously towards the introduction of selected graftwood from Europe, where approximately 95% of the U. S. supply (about four million dollars annually) is purchased. The processed pod is used extensively as a chocolate

substitute, especially enjoyed by those allergic to chocolate.

The carob is a natural for non-irrigated, warm areas, that receive at least ten inches of normal rainfall a year. The mills are set up to process the Tylliria variety only, but the Santa Fe variety, with its excellent pod, is being tested for future possibilities. Several thousand trees have already been planted and, as acreages increase, this is expected to prove a profitable crop for the farmers adventuring in it now. Dr. Rittenhouse has established a test acreage, under the direction of Dr. J. E. Coit, on Buena Road, east of San Marcos, where the public can learn more about this promising crop.

A commercial fruit crop, unknown fifty years ago, was pioneered in the early twenties, in Carlsbad. It is now the firmly established avocado industry. The "experts" all shook their heads, as the "daring" farmers planted these trees, at great expense. By the trial and error method, avocado culture was improved, and better varieties were selected to graft or topwork onto entire groves. Trees in the ideal climate of Carlsbad paid tremendous dividends. Other areas became interested, after orchard heaters proved satisfactory. In twenty-five years such extensive plantings have been made that production now exceeds demand. Avocados with poor drainage are subject to root-rot, so most groves are located on hill-sides. As this desirable land becomes scarce, prices increase, and taxes go up, which, when returns

are low, makes avocados unprofitable. The University of California has spent much time and money, trying to find a cure or control for root-rot. Fumigation is the answer to date, but not a guarantee.

Meanwhile, the smart farmers with foresight, are studying a new crop that is looming on the horizon, which is not susceptible to root-rot. This is the macadamia nut, well known to visitors to Hawaii. This nut tree enjoys the same growing conditions as avocados, so it can be interplanted among them, when an avocado tree has to be removed.

San Diego County is proud of the fact that the finest variety of selected seedlings to date was produced by E. S. Burdick, of Encinitas. Dr. W. B. Storey, associate Horticulturist of the U. of C. Experimental Station at Riverside, who knows all the plantings in Hawaii and California, credits the Burdick tree with bearing the finest nut he has observed, so far. Cliff Tanner, a nurseryman of

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thirty years experience, after several years of propagation, is now producing this patented tree in quantity.

As soon as more of these Australian nuts, which form such a large agricultural industry in Hawaii, are obtainable in the retail trade, the market and acreage will expand to bring the growers the returns they deserve. At the present time, San Diego County has the largest recorded acreage planted to macadamia nuts to be found in the continental U. S., thanks to the enthusiastic few who organized the non-profit California Macadamia Society. Looks hopeful, as "experts" are again shaking their heads.

A small planting of lychees (*Litchi chinensis*) in Bostonia in the early twenties is the only profitable commercial grove of these trees on record in the west. The late Jim Macpherson, of Encinitas, is credited with their introduction. These particular trees produce delectable fruits with thick crisp white flesh, and tiny, if any, seeds. The rough "skin" on the fruit is bright red and very beautiful when hanging on the trees. The demand for the fruit exceeds the production, so prices are high. Small trees, air-layered from those in Bostonia, are now obtainable, so another good potential commercial crop is on its way. There is no similarity between fresh and

dried lychees.

Among unusual crops is the Surinam Cherry, *Eugenia uniflora*, a shrub of increasing importance for its fragrant fruits that are desirable for flavoring sherberts and making jelly. Six acres of Passion Fruit, *Passiflora edulis*, in Vista, keep one man so busy that production costs are very high, and returns so low, there is no competition. The fruit is excellent for fruit punch and jelly. Pineapples were tried in Escondido, in the early days, to the delight of the deer, who devoured them.

The past half century has seen a great development of the cut flower industry in San Diego County. Probably the first commercial poinsettias were grown by Frank S. Sessions, Kate's brother, who had to keep moving "further out" to find room, as the city grew, for the cut flowers he shipped as far east as Chicago.

Beginning about 1923, the late Albert Ecke family, whose poinsettia growing grounds were in the Wilshire district in Los Angeles, planted hundreds of acres in San Diego to these lovely Christmas flowers. Around 1950, the Paul Ecke family moved to Encinitas from which place they make huge shipments of cut poinsettias to all parts of the world during the holidays, and dormant, rooted plants in the late spring. A sport from their plants was developed into the beautiful double red poinsettia, named Henrietta Ecke, for Paul Ecke Sr.'s mother. Their latest introduction is aptly named Ecke's Flaming Sphere.

Instead of depending on the variable breezes enjoyed in Encinitas, progressive carnation growers have installed huge and expensive fans in their growing houses to create the proper atmosphere. This area vies with Colorado as the carnation capital of the U. S.

Ingenuity pays. Chrysanthemum growers have devised shelters that regulate the length of day-

light hours so their plants will flower all year long. Motorists who travel along Highway 101, just before midnight, gaze in amazement at a large field, electrically lighted to force shasta daisies into bloom for favorable markets. In Carlsbad, a patented paper cap is slipped over the unopened buds of Bird of Paradise flowers, for protection, as well as a help in harvesting them. This industry, started by Donald Briggs and Associates, fills orders for the *Strelitzia regina*, blooms from all parts of the world. Mr. Briggs' mother introduced many superior varieties of gladiolus. There are large fields of these flowers for year-around cutting in the Encinitas area.

Sensing the need of florists, the country over, for bright, lasting greenery to include in their flower bouquets, Manchester Body, supplies camellia branches from his Pauma Valley plants.

Wholesale nursery-plant growers are also numerous in San Diego County. Unusual ivies are propagated in Vista; Candle trees (*Cassia alata*) in Pauma Valley; a grower in Carlsbad makes large shipments of small succulent plants to the east, while others have nurseries in Vista and Encinitas; pelargoniums are hybridized and propagated in Fallbrook; cordylines, cycads and philodendrons are produced in Leucadia.

This coastal area is extremely desirable for raising plants and cut flowers, but subdividers are encroaching at an alarming rate, threatening this phase of the economic structure of San Diego County. The plant industry is certainly one that cannot be accused of creating smog, in fact, scientists have found that trees help to offset that evil. We can only hope that the bright future of commercial horticulture in San Diego County may be allowed to progress as happily in the future as it has in the past fifty years.



CONSTANCE DRURY BOWER knew

## EARLY BEGONIANS

Miss Kate Sessions and my mother were friends before I was born, and, I too, held her loving interest. As a small child our Sunday drives in the phaeton to see Miss Sessions' Nursery were high lights. It was situated at the far northwest end of Balboa Park, near where the Marston home was later built. From there she moved the nursery to Mission Hills. Her first downtown greenhouse that I remember, was at the corner of Fifth and C Streets, where the Kress Co. has its present building. From there it was just a large vacant lot across to Fourth Avenue where we lived.

In 1911 I had been working about a year as secretary to R. F. Paine, Scripps' chief editorial writer. At this time the begonia horizon began to open up for me, at least, and there was Miss Sessions right in the middle of it. Through her I met the Frank Waite and W. L. Frevert families. Both were ardent begonia and lathhouse fans. Mrs. Waite and the Freverts clamored for someone in San Diego to raise begonias for sale. Hitherto, seed and plant catalogues from the East

and Middle West, along with Mrs. Shepherd's of Ventura, California were about the only source. Mrs. Waite had brought a few begonias with her when she came to California. She used to tell how she carried a bouquet of Begonia Chateau Rocher blossoms when she was married.

So, Kate Sessions obliged, and began raising and stocking begonias. From her I bought my first B. odorata alba and rosea, B. Mme. de Lesseps, B. weltonensis alba and rosea, Margery Daw and others. Mr. Vickery, a nurseryman, who worked part-time, then, for Miss Sessions, also began growing a few begonias for sale.

The Waites lived at 30th and Broadway, quite a walk from any approach, but I often made the trip. Mrs. Waite never sold plants, but her husband did, upon occasion. He toted me home, via horse and buggy, with my first exciting cuttings, plants and purchases. I believe the most showy was a B. President Carnot. Mr. Waite was editor of The San Diego Sun at this time, and Mrs. Waite contributed articles on begonias to *California Garden*

Magazine. From then on, I listened to Mrs. Waite's words of wisdom about begonias. From her I heard of the orange-flowered wonder, *begonia dichroa*. *B. gigantea rosea* was a special favorite as well as the rubras or bamboo types. She loved the semperflorens, too, and raised fine seedlings. There I saw my very first Rex begonia. How we poured over Mrs. Shepherd's lists as well as Storrs & Harrison's and Schmidt's!

About this time I met Mrs. Orrell Fleetwood, Chauncey Vedder and the Heermances. Then the Alfred D. Robinsons. A bit later, Dr. Arthur Houghton, of Los Angeles, visited San Diego. He had been growing begonias in his greenhouse for some time. A meeting of San Diego begoniasts was held at the Frevert home on upper First Avenue, to which the Doctor was invited. I would consider this meeting the beginning of begonia organization in San Diego. Later, I visited the Houghton home and greenhouse and came away more enthused than ever. Wall baskets of *B. imperialis* and *smaragdina* were at-

### Rosecroft Begonia Gardens

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tached to the outside of his garage and grew beautifully, as the location was really sheltered. We, in San Diego, were nursing along small ones in pots and those often covered by glass. Evidently the Doctor's baskets were taken indoors during winter. At any rate, I was much impressed by those baskets and vowed to try it, too.

The Frevert garden and partly-glassed room adjoining, fascinated me. There I saw Rex begonia leaves prepared for propagation for the first time. I copied their covered sand box and have never had more success in rooting begonia cuttings than in that first one. The garden for evening parties, was always gaily decorated with Japanese lanterns — first, with candles, and later with electricity. One of the joys of visiting the Freverts was in seeing and chatting with Brooke, their daughter, for whom a rex begonia was named.

At Mrs. Fleetwood's I met my first Saintpaulia, Gesneria and Achimenes; also I saw a copy of Geo. W. Park's catalogue in which all seeds were five-cents a packet. I will admit that some of the packets received did not contain too many seeds! The largest and loveliest *B. picta alba* I ever saw was growing in a bin of leaf-mold there. Mrs. Fleetwood favored such bins for her large begonias. She, as well as Mrs. Waite, grew many begonias from seed. Mrs. Waite never pollina-

ted flowers but saved and planted come-by-chance seed, some of which produced fine varieties.

Mr. Vedder and his plant family lived at the corner of First Ave. and Fir Street. His home (3-stories including basement) with nearly every room displaying begonias dear to his heart, large or tiny plants, also contained antique furnishings. Then there was the greenhouse, bursting (literally) with all kinds of rare plant life. He was interested in any seed pod of anything.

Mrs. Heermance and son, John, lived on Kearney Avenue where they owned a good-sized greenhouse and some lathed begonia shelters. When Mrs. Fleetwood and I made our first call there, large tubs of procumbent begonias were predominant. Outdoors, along the north side of their house, grew a row of Begonia Jessie. Never have I seen such brilliancy in begonia leafage, outside of Rexes.

Meantime, Mr. Robinson commenced growing begonias, commercially. Heretofore, he had specialized in fine roses, dahlias and many other beautiful flowers which he exhibited at our Flower Shows. He was a fascinating speaker at Floral Association meetings which we attended. It was his first wife, Marian, who stirred my interest in ferns, and gave me many starts of them. We all know what grand begonias were propagated there in the

Rosecroft gardens.

Conveyance to Point Loma was different in those days. Both Mr. Robinson and my boss who lived directly across Silver Gate Avenue, often took a boat for home! They boarded the launch at the foot of "H" St. and were carried to the Loma Portal dock. If they were lucky, someone would meet them with a car. If not, up the steep hill they would climb. One route was straight up past Tom Hamilton's home. Another, longer, partly followed the "Canyon Road" and then up and over the hills to Silver Gate Avenue. I well remember the distance in either case, for I was often called upon to appear with important mail or to gather up copy from my employer. Between the climb and the stiff ocean breeze, I usually arrived somewhat winded. I favored street cars instead of the launch even though it did take longer.

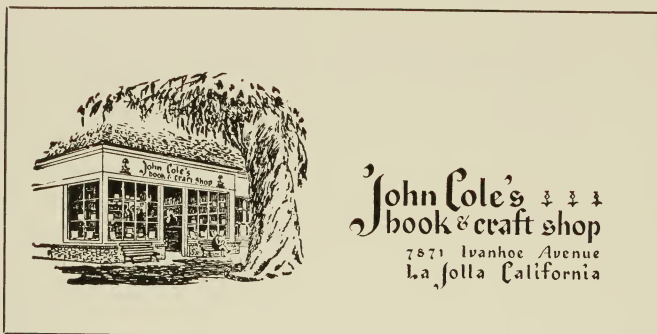
When Mrs. Frevert and I attended a garden party at Rosecroft we arrived via street car, shortline trolley and topless auto. Mrs. Waite was chauffeured there, as she was not equal to the street car trip. Among others present were Miss Sessions, Mrs. Fleetwood, Mrs. Mary Greer, and Mrs. Fred Scripps, whose memory is still preserved for us by a seedling from her lathhouse that bears her name. Upon my return home, my mother listened for hours to my raptures over the plants and people I had met.



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About this time, I, too, started a small nursery at our home and conducted a mail order business in begonias, after office hours and over week-ends. I specialized in begonias and ferns for nearly twenty years, and hybridizing became my hobby. Then cacti and other succulents were added and for more than twenty years these latter plants were my special pets.

Mrs. Eva Kenworthy Gray was another old and dear friend who joined us in the begonia game. Her seedling begonias such as Nelly Bly, Neely Gaddis and the Superba types, are known throughout the country. She often wrote about begonias for the early issues of *California Garden*. With her, I became interested in Begonia Round Robins and joined three. In this manner I met a number of wonderful plant lovers all over the country. I still correspond with some of them, but gave up the Round Robins years ago. Mrs. Bessie Buxton, Ada Entzminger, Artia Givens, Emma Rhine, Mrs. Lynch, Rudolf Ziesenhenné and many others became my friends through "Lita" Gray.

During these early years of begonia enthusiasm, the William Grants, of East San Diego, began growing and selling begonias. I prevailed upon them to name some of their new seedlings. Why not after their daughters? And, so they did—Dorothy, Elaine and Margery as well as Frieda (Mrs. Grant).

Montalvo Gardens, with Lawrence and Midge Fewkes as builders, is a story in itself, a place where many fine new hybrids such as Montalvo, Loma Alta, Lawrence Fewkes, and others began. Its location has given way to another housing development.

Mrs. Gray's daughter, Ethel Calloway, Charles Cass, William Decker, Henry Morgan, and Emma Palmer were others who helped to make San Diego the mecca for begonia enthusiasts. They came from far and near, during that golden age, from 1920 through 1945, when San Diego was the begonia center of the country. Begonias are still raised extensively in San Diego, where the climate suits them so well. Some new hybrids have also been made here.

Today begonia doings are sponsored by the American Begonia Society, which Mr. Robinson helped to found, with membership extending even into foreign lands. And I, who am now an apartment dweller, am content with my Saintpaulias, but please don't call them African Violets!

## COVER ILLUSTRATION Gold Cup Oak

The Canyon Live Oak was chosen for our colored cover because it depicts a sturdy native, painted about the time that *California Garden* began. It is a fine botanical study, one of 1200 sketches of native plants, executed by the talented artist, A. R. Valentin, over a period of eight years, for Miss Ellen Scripps. It is now owned by the San Diego Natural History Museum who gave permission for this color printing.

Kate S. Williams, of "Shamrock Oaks," in Santa Ysabel, described this oak in our June 1924 publication.

Maul Oak, *Quercus Chrysolepis*, is a tree 15 to 60 feet high, with roundish spreading crown and trunk 1 to 5 feet in diameter. Whiteish bark, entire and toothed leaves on same twigs; the old leaves are sort of a lead color green, younger leaves glistening green with powdery yellow beneath. The acorns are large and have turban-like cups.

It is one of our most stately oaks and is seldom found below the 5,000 foot level, preferring the high altitudes amongst the pines. Its wood is remarkable amongst the oaks for its strength, toughness and close grain. It seasons well, is almost as heavy dry as when green, and is used for mauls, wagon parts, tool handles, ships knees, furniture and floors. Being evergreen, it is called mountain live oak, canyon oak, drooping oak; woodsmen know it as Spanish oak, Valparaiso oak. Gold

(Continued on Page 30)

## ■ The Village Store ■

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(Continued from Page 11)

den porch were fairly gay with stonecrops, in browns and greenish grays, and yellow blooms.

"My cordial welcome was in keeping with the generous beauty all about, and we were soon looking over the plants, and especially noting the California wildflowers in bloom."

Miss Sessions then describes the interior of the house, and a luncheon, "which finished with luscious peaches and strawberries from his own glasshouses." They discussed the flower books she had selected in London:

"I told of engaging the 'Garden Illustrated' magazine . . . but the set was short two volumes. I asked his assistance in securing them, and finally the fact that he would part with his own personal set, complete and bound, was modestly advanced. I asked for time to consult my book dealer for a release of my order, which he very graciously gave. So, in a few days the Robinson set was . . . on its long journey, via Panama Canal, to its new home."

After more remarks about the books, and views of the garden, Miss Sessions closes with:

"Mr. Robinson, though badly crippled with paralysis, and confined to a wheelchair, is not feeble by his foreshore years, but plans and directs the care of his estate and gardens with an in-

terest and vigor that was very inspiring to me, . . . I feel assured that . . . a hobby of gardening . . . means health, joy and longevity for everyone."

It is pertinent to note that during the war exodus from the Park, these valuable books, along with many other Floral Association possessions, were personally insured and stored by Mrs. Greer, in her dry basement, where they were cared for until they could be returned to their Floral home.

During the ins and outs of Floral activity, as reported in *California Garden*, the Association has always stood firm on matters of conservation. It not only thought; it acted, and the steps taken have been duly recorded in this magazine. Constant work on wildflower conservation, eventually brought a series of ordinances, culminating in the one of July, 1928, still in force, which protects all native plants in the county.

There was the matter of Soledad Mountain. How many Pacific Beach residents know that in April, 1916, there was a dedication of a new road to its peak, a road made possible by the "united efforts of Frank and Kate Sessions and Wheeler J. Bailey." Eight pines, donated by Miss Sessions, were planted. Earlier the Woman's Reading Club of Pacific Beach, had planted two groups of *Eucalyptus viminalis* at the town end of the road.

In the February, 1929, *California Garden*, Miss Sessions reports on further conservation:

"In July, 1908, Mr. George Cook, first superintendent of Bal-

boa Park, riding with Col. Ed Fletcher in the mountains, stopped at El Monte Oaks for a rest. Mr. Cook, noting the size and beauty of the trees, said, 'This group of trees must be preserved.' The following month he was killed at Alpine. In 1919, when Miss Alice Lee was picnicking in this same grove, she observed the cutting of oaks for firewood.

"On her return, she persuaded the Floral Association to protest this destruction. In April, 1920, the El Monte Ranch Co., in a letter to Mr. Fletcher, offered to sell the fifty-five acres, which included the grove, for \$7500. A committee was formed, consisting of Wm. T. Johnson, Hugo Klauber, F. L. Hieatt, Ed Fletcher, and President Gorton, with George Marston as Chairman, to look into the matter. It was agreed that the Floral Association would raise funds to hold the land in trust, until the Board of Supervisors could cover the cost, in their 1922 budget.

"A circular letter, explaining the need for a store building, fire protection, water, and a comfort station, soon brought \$582, which was spent for improvements and interest on the purchase money. This sum was increased by donations of material and labor by the Russ Lumber Co., the Drayman's Association, and building contractors, Brawner and Hunter. By 1923, the County Supervisors had paid for the land and had taken over El Monte Park, which is still popular and well cared for."

The SDFA was among the first to instigate the preservation

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House of Hospitality, Balboa Park — San Diego, California

of Torrey Pines. In 1916, they pioneered in cleaning and posting the grove. Committees were active until the preservation was assured.

*California Garden* recently reports that, on a sight knoll in Encinitas, a house and twenty-three acres, known as "Quail Park," have been deeded to the County by Mrs. Ruth Larabee. Because of home expansion along the coast, park space is at a premium. Here is a recreational area that has a potential as an arboretum, for tropical fruits of that region. Help in its conservation is needed.

Among all the projects with which the Floral Association served the community, perhaps the best known are its Flower Shows. Here is one (1907) as Mr. Robinson recalls it:

"The first show was held in Unity Hall on Sixth Street. Donations of flowers were called for through the press, and they came in a huge variety and quantity, by various means, even by wagon loads. So great was the response that a perfect windrow was dumped down the middle of the hall, to the consternation of those in charge of arrangements. A body of women, led by Mrs. Robinson, attacked the job, and by evening a kind of order was established with a display all around the walls. That evening almost all of San Diego attended—it was a free show!"

Show headaches were the same then as now. A show in the Maryland Hotel, in 1917, was also free, with an attendance of 5000. Despite a \$100 donation from the

Hotel, there was a \$37.50 deficit. Conditions picked up the next year, when 5000 people paid ten cents each to see the Spring Show in the Kern Building of the Exposition, and the proceeds were given to the Red Cross. Profits from the Fall Show in the Indian Arts Building, were presented to the Museum, (forerunner of the present Museum of Man.)

On and on, through times of war and peace, for fifty years, with all kinds of shows—general, rose, iris, geranium, succulent, chrysanthemum, bulb, acacia, berried shrubs, driftwood, seed-pod, flower arrangement, Japanese arrangement, Yuletide, and many others — staged in all kinds of places — the Pavilion in Mission Cliff Gardens, terminus of the Fifth Street double-decker street-car line, the Civic Auditorium (present site of the Natural History Museum) which later burned down while the firemen were holding a ball there; and, during the war, in the basement of the Natural History Museum.

The shows most often recalled, are those that were held in the building on the southwest corner of the main plaza in Balboa Park. That was the hey-day of Robinson, Greer and Sessions. Both Mr. Robinson and Mr. Morely, (for the Park), the Navy and other civic bodies, staged masterful exhibits, and K.O.S. showed collections of new plants that, as she vigorously explained, "every gardener must have."

The chairman who presided over these shows, and many others, for twenty-five years, was Mary A. Greer. In the Spring

issue, for 1948, Alice Clark writes:

"I can see her now as she reigned over the big Spring and Fall shows. Affairs of that size, managed by groups of men in other towns, were planned and staged single-handed by our indomitable president. She overcame all obstacles that attend such enterprises, untangled all the snarls that are bound to arise in the judging of many entries, entertained the judges at luncheon with gracious dignity, and then stole a minute of rest behind some potted plants, before reappearing as hostess to the flower lovers of the city.

"She gloried in every minute of the fray, for such it was. Getting a new member for the club was a tonic for tired feet, but seeing the joy that flowers brought, gave her the impetus to carry on for another show. It was a labor of

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love for San Diego, that her citizens might come closer to the 'beauty God hath wrought' in flower form.

"When the last admission was paid, and the goodly sum was tallied, her heart was light again, for she knew that, in addition to the happiness the show had given, it also spelled another period of security for *California Garden*, the printed embodiment of the Floral Association. She would nod as she locked the door and say: 'They tell me it was the best show we ever had, but I think the last is always the best'."

Hazel Braun, writer and wife of the artist, Maurice Braun, reports what was perhaps the zenith in the long run of big shows—the twenty-ninth Semi-annual Spring Show, staged in the Palace of Entertainment, in co-operation with the Exposition of 1936. Pieter Smoor and Mrs. John Nuttall presided over the arrangements. Special mention was made of the garden entry of the Naval Training Station, and the Natural History Museum's collection of wild-flowers. She sums up:

"As usual, great praise goes to Mrs. Mary A. Greer, president of the Floral Association, who puts her very life into each flower show . . . She was honored by the Exposition for her excellent work, when Ernest Hulick presented her with the Exposition Medal."

The era of large general shows ended with the passing of Mary A. Greer, and with the growth of special flower clubs. In the fall of 1948, before the Park was really clear of its war activities,

the Japanese Pavilion (now the site of the Children's Zoo), was the setting for a colorful Chrysanthemum Festival, as a feast for the eyes of the flower-hungry people, and as a fitting farewell tribute by the Floral Association members to Mrs. Greer, their chairman for over fifty shows.

Of late years the trend has been towards "Intimate Shows," staged with distinction, in the Floral Building and the garden. Among many, the Fiesta Arrangement Show, last year, won much applause for its Chairman, Mrs. Roland Hoyt, as did the Christmas Open House Show, for Mrs. Eugene Cooper.

There have been several shows with a Japanese theme, starting with the early ones produced by Abbott, Clark, Wright and Greer. A climax was the Ikebana and Bonsai Show this spring, staged by Teresa Bustamente, assisted by Emily Carringer, and lauded for its artistic and financial success.

The step from Flower Shows to Garden Contests is another first among the civic projects initiated by the Floral Association. In the magazine for February, 1929, Mr. Robinson explains:

"This is the age of competition . . . where two or three are gathered together we form a club, hold a tournament, and then challenge the neighbor. It gets results, and is good for trade . . . Our Flower Shows were a battle of specimens. Now a composite contest is to be staged; a really, truly Garden Contest . . .

"The trend of modern law-making plainly shows that it is a

recognized fact that there is no such thing as a mere individual existence; the act of the individual reacts on the community, and the community is daily gaining courage to say to the individual, 'Suppose we mix a little *we* with *you*?' This spirit has not penetrated very far with our gardens . . . they are extremely commonplace, in a land offering exceptional possibilities in the unusual. In this situation Mr. Snyder, whose business is real estate, dared to believe that better gardens would be good for his business, which means good for the city, and Mr. Strausser, who is keenly appreciative of the new and rare in garden plants, came to the Floral Association and said: 'Get up a contest that will further these points and we will donate cups that are CUPS'."

That is the way it all began. Fifty-four entries were judged four times the first year; later, one hundred and fifty competed in another year, for two judgments. Those were dedicated judges who put long, time-consuming, energy-sapping days into their jobs. The project lasted eleven years. War brought its end.

Today, many gardens proudly display their bronze plaques, awards of value and distinction. Should this fine enterprise be revived, the Strausser Perpetual

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Trophy, a solid-silver Tiffany cup, still stands ready for additional names.

After the final judging, the gardens were open to the public. Out of this activity grew another major project, Garden Tours. Eventually the owners opened their houses, also, for displays of flower arrangements, in natural settings, with holiday decor predominating. These occasions were hey-days for San Diego's top flower arrangers.

Floral members are constantly serving as decorators and judges. Some of their expertness may be due to the many courses of flower arrangement that were given in the Floral Building. Norman Edwards, and William Allen coached the first class, Norman Edwards, alone, came later. Akemo Togo was next, followed by Mme. Obata, both demonstrators of Japanese floral art; for several years, Mrs. J. R. Kirkpatrick has held regular classes in flower arrangement, and recently, Mrs. Martin Behrens has instructed intermediate classes. The same building has housed the Judging School for Flower Shows, and Mr. Ed Roach has conducted classes in horticulture.

Speaking of instructors, the Seedling Gardener's classes, sponsored by the SDFA, and led by Mrs. Ambort, are nothing short of sensational. In the 1920's similar

work was carried on by Carol Scott, who also taught classes, supervised exhibits in Flower Shows, and ran a monthly page in the magazine, all for Juniors.

Large gardens, such as those of Julius Wangenheim, I. N. Lawson, the Marstons and Dr. Ledford, have been sites for fund-raising teas, carnivals and fashion shows. In 1932, Mrs. Braun reports that "Wisteria Week, staged in Rosecroft Gardens, was a decided social and financial success. As president, Mrs. Greer greeted the guests, while each day hostesses vied in effective tea-table decorations and delectable refreshments." She tells more:

"Tea was served in the new garden library, just completed. Each afternoon the hostesses had valuable assistance from the Robinson children and their little friends, flitting about like butterflies, as they served the tea. Mrs. Robinson often came out to greet the guests, sometimes bringing with her that finest flower of the garden, master 'Mickie'."

A horticultural program was offered, with a different speaker each day, such as that of Miss Sessions, on "Wisteria: Japanese, Chinese and American." The account continues:

"Thursday, Mr. Robinson, in a spirit of fun, made his appearance with high hat, white gloves and the general air of a showman. Then with his characteristic wit, he removed his gloves and gave a demonstration of potting begonias—his subject might have been, 'You Can't Be a Gardener and Wear Gloves.' While the hostesses were cleaning up, they caught a glimpse of one of the Robinson children, who had found her father's high hat, and had mounted a stump to give a side-splitting imitation of Robinson's address, to a delighted audience of youngsters."

In the cause of horticulture, the SDFA exhibited a "Garden

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Room," of Oriental decor, at the Del Mar Fair. Alice Clark combined work, lounge, and tea areas, with beautiful shade plants in raised beds, all under woven plastic shade cloth. It carried blue ribbons in 1953 and 1954.

In the matter of memorials, the Association has often honored its living members. The Aloe and Agave Garden in Balboa Park, planned and executed as a tribute to Kate Sessions, was acclaimed a splendid scientific collection of succulents and cacti, when the bronze plaque was unveiled by President Greer, in 1935, and the planted area was presented to the city. Now it is no longer a credit to the name it bears, though a larger exhibit in the Huntington Gardens, from which many valuable contributions were received, continues to be a mecca for tourists and students. It is hoped that the local garden can be saved before it is too late.

June, 1939, saw a Live Oak planted in a canyon off Arizona Street in Balboa Park, where a plaque on a native stone designated the area as the "Mary A. Greer Native Planting," honoring the Floral Association president, in person, for her untiring efforts to protect the native flora.

Later in the year, tribute was paid to "John G. Morley, Horticulturist, Balboa Park Builder, 1911-1939," at the end of his twenty-eight years as park head. The bronze marker was beneath a Coast Live Oak he had raised from seed.

Under her favorite mountain tree, the Incense Cedar, the bronze

tablet to Kate O. Sessions, designed by Donal Hord, was dedicated, in 1940, at the end of her life span of eight-one years.

Because the vicissitudes of the Park occupancy by the Armed Forces worked havoc on the memorial markers and trees, they were later set up in locations adjoining the Floral Building, and the Mary A. Greer tree rededicated in 1958. It is to be hoped that some day Alfred D. Robinson may be honored appropriately.

It is not well known that a grove of pepper trees in the Golden Hills section of Balboa Park, was marked by the Association in 1911, as a tribute to George Cook, early landscape architect of the Park.

In 1953, a series of Carillon Concerts in the Park, sponsored by the SDFA, honored the memory of some Floral members, among others: Clinton Abbott, Mary A. Greer, George Marston and John Morley.

The staff of *California Garden* paid a different kind of tribute to Alfred Carl Hottes, nationally known writer and lecturer, formerly editor-contributor of their magazine, in the form of a unique "Almanac For Gardeners." It carried biographical data and Hottes' own floral wood-cuts and notes.

These are just SOME of the activities in the kaleidoscopic career of the San Diego Floral Association, born fifty-two years ago, when its founders left their signatures on "a scrap of paper."

If some project or event, dear to the readers of *California Garden* has been omitted, pray re-

member that the multiplicity of the Association's accomplishments is fairly staggering, and that time and space run out.

May the San Diego Floral Association and its publication, ever girded by the strength of its established ideals, continue to serve the community to and through the span of a century. END

For Old Times Sake —

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FOR

THE  
NEXT

**Fifty Years**

**Dewey Kelly**

who grows Christmas Trees at  
PAUMA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 25)

Leaf oak, Gold Cup oak, Laurel oak, Iron oak and Hickory oak.

Maul Oak differs in growth in different locations. The crown may be very tall and broad in the open, narrow with tall trunks in canyons. The leaves are variable as to margins. Varied forms are also to be found in acorns and cups. The acorns are large and much sought after as food for domestic animals, being about equal in food values to barley. The Indians gather and store them to be used as food.

The process of making the bread is quite a slow one. The nuts are shelled, beaten to a paste in a hollow rock with a metate. This paste is then leached out by putting through several clear washings, to remove the bitter taste and astringency, then cooked in an olla as a mush, or patted into cakes and baked on flat rocks. It has a similar taste to chestnuts, baked or boiled.

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(Continued from Page 6)

fully alone. By private initiative, Grossmont is beautifully available and no sane person would want to spoil its individual character with a planting of asters and gladiolas or a grass plot, and San Miguel should come into the scheme." An oracle? No! A seer with prophetic vision and mysterious contacts? No again. Merely a thinking man of parts with the capacity to look ahead, fluent in expressing the thing he sees, and what a vision! Listen to this.

San Diego has, not one, but two unique parks. One is marine and has been mentioned. The other lies snuggled against the northern boundary of the city where it meets the sea. This is unique not only in the flora; it has been kept inviolate these many years through the efforts of the donor, Miss Ellen Scripps and Guy Fleming who doesn't look like a watchdog, but is. The geology of this nearly 1000 acre park is scarcely duplicated anywhere else and then only in micro-plots, and many of the plants that grow there are so ancient in point of time that they are considered relic species of another age. This is in fact a great botanical island with the Torrey Pine representative and illustrative. Between these two parks lies some rugged and interesting land which the planning commission has studied with a view to joining the two with a drive that should rival any of the known and famous road-ways anywhere. The way along the cliffs and skirting the golf-course has been studied and is on paper. It

offers high and distant marine views of the same nature as San Simeon. It has everything, including the rare and picturesque tree that Monterey's seventeen-mile drive affords. It suggests and carries out some of the character of Amalfi and over and beyond all these, in passing easterly and over Soledad, there opens an unparalleled panorama of the mountains from Table Mountain in Mexico to Miguel and the Cuyamacas to Mt. Baldy and beyond. It all lies there for the taking.

It is proposed further that this ties in directly with a Ring Road completely surrounding Mission Bay to the new Nimitz Drive, to Harbor Drive and south through the city proper, and turning east to do the very thing envisioned by Mr. Robinson. Doubtless, as time goes on, certain parks would become identified with this veritable Appian Way and the whole meet again with the beginning. This is not only possible, but probable in light of what has gone before and the nature of the people it will be designed to serve.

This, then, was the man of serious intent and varied talents. It is recorded, his easy transition from the sublime to the near ridiculous. He could burlesque with the best, and extravagantly. His monkey-shines at one period took the form of a kind of chicken chit-chat in full column advertisements in the *California Garden*. They appeared over a considerable time and one understands their popularity after looking them over. Garbage disposal was evidently the problem then, as it is now, and he was pro-

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## Maternity Fashions

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moting the hen as a dual purpose appendage to the home, cuisine and garden. These gabbles came out in the "KACKLE" over a period of several years and along with other divertissement, told the story of Cassandra . . . from divining rods to barred rock chickens and back to flowers and Cassandra, not the daughter of Priam, but a hen that "cackled as if she laid asteroids," according to Puddin' head Wilson, and "foretold the fall, not of Troy, but Hatfield, of flood and disaster." She is represented, along with her sister Hecuba as "flirtacious females, now with grandchildren that are beginning to do up their feathers and look sidewise at the cockerels through the wire fence." Then "Cassandra is sulking in a corner, not because of the rain, but because of the eugenics practiced at Rosecroft. She has just been shut up with the fourth husband and finds him young and silly. What's the use of winning, if you cannot be sure who your husband is from one month to another" but later, in a more amiable mood "concluded that last month she made altogether too much of the husband question and had forgotten they were now in the class of necessary evils and should be treated as a negligible quantity" she "sometimes has to lay an egg or bust and modestly retreats to the tall grass." And

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then death, "Cassandra in her fourth year. In life she was peerless, in death she will never be forgotten. She is survived by a numerous family, but it is her son Olympus who promises to worthily carry on the traditions. Friends and relatives are asked not to mourn. Cassandra passed on without pain or ache and in the fullness of vigor and beauty, dying as all superlives should without waiting for 'age to wither or custom stale her infinite variety.' She leaves no memory that places her in the vulgar crowd. Peace to her ashes."

Then the philosopher heard a rumor, "of a memorial to Cassandra. Now we don't want it, nor yet does Cassandra. These towers without purpose and gates without fences that litter our world, supposedly to honor the great dead are a fake. We think by them to propitiate the gods of those that are gone and ease our conscience for our neglect of them when they were here. When you see a memorial, look for the uneasy conscience back of its building. It is an indubitable fact that the world failed to appreciate Cassandra. Only the few with vision realized that she was a superfowl, but as long as we can prevent it that failure will not be wiped off the slate by a memorial. Not a grain of corn to the living but a

granite monument for the dead. Paugh."

This man was something of a poet, certainly the artist with his feeling for site, "this atmosphere no course of lectures can teach because it is feeling, not learning." As an instance, "The mountains at the edge of a plateau, the rolling yellow of ripe grass flowing away to the horizon, behind and to each side the hills with curving line upon line, brown, green and grey splashed with granite blocks. In the air a hot wind and the shimmer of summer. What do we feel? Warmth, space, absence of line and limit, a blessed irregularity, and a suppression of all height, except in the mountains as if the latter held down all opposition. We drowse in the shade and on the wind come Indian legends, and ponies paw flies under the trees. If we build here we could not build high, we could not build four square nor paint with gaudy hue. No walk could go straight, no two buildings line up, and no trees be in a row. We would melt into the surroundings, not stand out from them. That is atmosphere and very few feel it or want to, and that is why the works of man cumber the earth instead of enriching." Some of our present day Land Planners could read this

with profit and read again when the staleness creeps into their bones . . . and into their work.

How much is enough? Can this stand another quote? Because here is another bit-line, monition, friendly reproof that is more pertinent today than when written. "The Japanese effect, which is the effort of an intensely artistic people to express bigness in miniature, forced to it by a teeming population, is entirely wasted, not to use a harsher word, where space is almost unlimited. Charming effects have been produced with the Japanese treatment, when it has been entirely segregated and the natural surroundings found or made, but the Japanese pieces don't fit into other puzzles" . . . something to consider, this, a proper use of the oriental art in garden and landscape, this delightful thing in line and texture and a symbolism which is difficult for the occidental mind to understand . . . and so, we find rocks "slinging" around without discrimination, and that particular rotund fellow which stands for "fat woman" utterly inappropriate since our ladies are all slim, in mind, if not in figure.

These leafings through the magazine for the picture of a man, are not pages so much as thoughts,

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impressions that make a chain from here back through the years, all fifty of them . . . the tenderness and affection and fellow-feeling to be found in these old pages, the delightfully musty smell of old houses . . . are to weep a little for such good things that were, to rejoice and exult in better to come. Local history runs through them, a slender thread of happenings not necessarily horticultural, and on one page will be found a full presentation of the moving lights of the first Exposition, Colonel Collier, Bertram Goodhue, John Olmstead and others . . . and next, before anything could have been done, the resignation of Mr. Olmstead. One takes a moment to wonder, in the light of 1959, what today's Balboa might have been if the Olmsteads had been permitted the basic pattern of the park. And that is something to contemplate now, when parks are taken over bodily by concrete and cinders so that there is but little left to black-top.

Much of gardening good has come to us from Albion, and Alfred D. Robinson, like his favorite hyacinth that grew on the mild and courteous shores of the Mediterranean, was carried to Holland to England and back again to Malta, to be dug by Teutonic bombs, found haven at Rosecroft in the end, and there was his happiness and service.

END

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(Continued from Page 14)

pamy of West Grove, Pennsylvania, for the hybridizer, Francis Meliland of France, it soon became America's most popular rose.

Present day rose culture and rose activities are well covered in recent issues of C.G. by articles such as "Roses and Landscaping" by Byron F. Lindsley, Spring 1954 and "Rose Care and Selection" by Mr. and Mrs. Clive N. Pillsbury, Autumn 1957, bringing us up to the evening of 1959 when we met at Mrs. Clark's home. A few days previously the 1960 AARS winners had been announced. One of them was **Garden Party** a cross of the two all-time favorites, Charlotte Armstrong and Peace. One of the most admired rose arrangements of the evening was made of Angel Wings. A cross of Golden Rapture and Girona, its petals are a bright yellow shading to white, then edged with soft pink. It has been winning prizes for San Diego Rose Society members for the past year, bringing home the award of "Best-Rose-In-Show" from the Pacific Rose Society Rose

(Continued from page 2)

had little upholstery. . . . And there, beaming on us, as though we were prize pupils, is Alice M. Greer, worthy daughter of a devoted mother, who was truly dedicated to the SDEA. Ploughing through old *California Gardens*, the assistant editor unearthed many facts and pleasing fancies, and adds her own bits: "You know Mr. Robinson's middle initial has no period after it. He said he just put in the 'D' because it looked nice." The "Scrap of Paper" became a tome of manuscript to flatten out, but it was a labor of love, done gladly and well. . . . We come to Alice M. Rainford, dear *gentlewoman*, whose quiet, artistic personality belies the strength with which

Show in Pasadena and from the ARSDist. Meeting, Mesa, Arizona.

No record of rose development in San Diego would be complete without a message from Miss Kate O. Sessions, who did so much to make the city the horticultural paradise it is today. It was said of her that she was never excited about roses. If she had a spot where she did not want to plant anything else, she would set out a climbing rose. Still, throughout her entire career, she encouraged good rose culture and selection of varieties suitable to the area. In her column "Gleanings," her advice is taken from Dean Hole, and although written about one hundred years ago it is as timely today: "There is nothing in floriculture to be purchased and perpetuated as cheaply as a ROSE GARDEN."

"An old book can be new," says Margaret Follick in the October, 1941 issue of *California Garden*. Today in 1959 every issue of its 50 years was an inspiration to continue the Path of the Rose World.

she abetted Kate Sessions, the Floral, and her own flower patrons, until, down the years, "Rainfords" stood for the best. As one with the deepest roots in our organization, she waits to cut the cake. . . . While President Thatcher lights the fifty candles—which takes a bit of doing—meet our upstanding friend, Dr. Lindsley, who takes those fine photographs for our covers. . . . The lights are all aglow. The editor, Alice M. Clark, who is about to take leave to devote herself to her real hobby, grandchildren, blows out the candles, while whispering the wish that we may grow beyond the thousand-fold of our beginnings, and that, in closer communion with nature, we may achieve more garden beauty.

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## GARDEN CHORES

Won't someone please subsidize her column for us?

This is the last of my chatter for a while as I want to try shooting at some of the money marts in garden gab.

Summer white is a pleasant garden subject and this year right around home it is disproving a nurseryman who gave forth with a very pursy remark once, without qualifying it. "Don't," he said "fall in love with your plants,"—forgetting all the while that it's love that makes the plant world go round, too.

For instance, there have been several calls down at Walter's (that's what his help and everybody else calls him) this summer for the old fashioned white jasmine with the sweet fragrance. I have that character at home—*Jasminum officinale grandiflorum*—gleaned from just such another summer at Mrs. Evelyn Cavenee's Mission Valley Nursery — both gone with the memory clouds that hover over Mission Valley. The fragrance is a real pleasure but it takes love not to mind those brown bits of old blooms clinging to the plant. I scant it of water and then it is more moderate and the blooms seem to stay in condition longer.

But it is a real treasure in summer white. Another gleaming white in August with fine fragrance is the *Gardenia thumbergia*. Its blooms are circular like the little flower-fairies floating down stream in the Waltz of the Flowers as presented by Mr. Disney. They are lovely and velvety and white and gleaming. "But next day they turn brown," said one lady who fell in love with this

variety of gardenia.

Times like this I try to get away with the situation by saying, "Flowers are only human, you know." I don't always. But it takes only a little experience to realize that plants like *Gardenia thumbergia* should be grown for enjoyment and not be asked to do a job a boxwood could do better. Another white gleamer in summer is the rather rare *Trachelospermum fragrans* vine. It has foliage like the Easter lily vine (*Beaumontia grandiflora*). In fact, the only way you can tell the young plants apart, is to look at the undersides of the leaves. Those of the beaumontia are green and spinachy looking just like the texture of the top sides. But the *T. fragrans* leaves are bluish green and rather velvety underneath. You realize its relationship to the star jasmine by the twisty white tubular flowers but they are over an inch across. There are many of them in a cluster and they keep coming so your eyes and nose are rewarded for days. They will also turn brown, a rich tobacco shade used in some embroidery threads, and the rough stems will be rather bare in winter so you have to concede a little to enjoy the beauty.

We have been doing a little soil testing with a spare kit for the customers and I've been amazed at the apparent lack of phosphorous and potash in the tests. I say apparent, because the testing is hardly a University undertaking. And even the University says "apparent" lots of times. We do have high phosphorous and potash inexpensively in the Plantron sale of damaged cans so there was

no problem. No exclusive, either, the stuff is sold all over the city. So consider phosphorous and potash more. By the way, a good way to get more satisfaction out of your home fruits is to thin conscientiously so that you have the very highest quality and the crop spreads over a longer period of time. A lot of mediocre fruit all at once is apt to be discouraging.

It is also amazing how many good citizens and bread winners don't know how to use blood meal fertilizer. There seems to be an almost universal tendency to plot a big gob of it down in the center of a plant (goody, goody, right in the middle of the tree ferns, yet) and then to only half-wet, not even give an average watering. Well, blood is wonderful fertilizer but you don't go about throwing handfuls of sugar in the mouths of members of your household. I think the best advice I ever saw about a neat use of blood is to mix it with sand and scatter around the drip zone and water in.

I must put in a Terro-O-Vite trick that's real handy. You wet

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down dry peat with it and the peat takes the water as meekly the first time, as if it had been wet down a hundred times. None of this fighting the water and blowing away and all that.

Must tell you about my latest favorite couple. They came in with twinkles and said that, instead of their old garden, they now had only a planter outside their apartment, and they wanted a conversation piece in that planter, not petunias. So they got a horse-tall reed and a clump of cotton leaf, or *Melicbrysum petiolatum*. And it had it, I thought. Then later they came in and bought a *Podocarpus macrophylla* that spread out interestingly on one side instead of growing straight up. They got it, instead of an umbrella, for a little porch, because it cost about the same and was lots more interesting. Plants can be fun, too. See you-all around, you hear? END

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the canyon, we needed some large specimens. I proposed that we transplant some of the big Date Yuccas from northeast of what is now the Bowling Green into the garden. "Why not?" she said. "I was the one that raised them from seed, and later planted them in that small canyon."

When Mr. Morley, who was superintendent of the park, turned our idea down flat, we got into a huddle with the landscape committee of the second Exposition, and they agreed to send Mr. Morley on a trip. During his absence, with the help of some good W.P.A. men, I was able to transplant eight specimens of various sizes. When Mr. Morley returned he was in good humor, and the incident passed off wonderfully. It is those plants that are illustrated in the photograph by Dr. Lindsay. The people of San Diego will never know all the

scheming Miss Sessions and I did, to get enough plants to landscape this garden, which was later named for her, but is no longer a credit to that name.

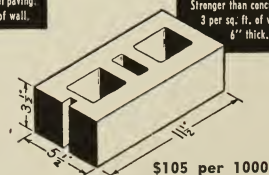
Besides those in the western canyon, several of which were moved to the La Jolla Cove—near the steps—and one in the patio of the Police Dept. at the foot of Market Street, I know of no other Samuelas anywhere in the city.

While writing this article, hundreds of Miss Sessions' favorite plants come to my mind. Many are gone from this locality. When I think back, it makes me sad that no one has come forth with that "get-up-and-go" spirit and great enthusiasm that Miss K. O. Sessions always brought to the monthly Floral meetings. Perhaps it is because people today are restless, always on the move. Few of us seem to have the leisure moments to really sit down and visit with our garden-minded friends.



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### SUGGESTIONS AND TIPS ON USING

#### **Coverage at One Inch Thick**

ONE SACK will cover about 12 square feet —  
(each sack contains about 1 cubic foot of material)

FIVE SACKS will cover 60 square feet (for instance  
a walk 3 feet wide and 20 feet long).

ONE-HALF YARD will cover 160 square feet.

ONE YARD will cover 320 square feet.

These coverages are figured for  $\frac{3}{8}$ " sizes Decor-Roc. For larger particles sizes, coverage decreases slightly.

#### **Preparation of Base**

—Decor-Roc should be placed on firm, smooth ground. Do not cultivate soil first. Fill soil should be thoroughly soaked and tamped or rolled before Decor-Roc is applied.

#### **Edging**

—Decor-Roc will stay neat and attractive much longer if the area is edged. Hazard Bric and Hazard Paving Bloc (set on edge) are excellent. Thin strips of wood or aluminum can also be used. Edging should be an inch or so higher than Decor-Roc.

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